

Quentin Roosevelt

Quentin Roosevelt,
Kermit Roosevelt



GRANADA
P.
P.



QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

A SKETCH WITH LETTERS

EDITED BY

KERMIT ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATED

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"Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die, and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life and the duty of life. Both life and death are parts of the same Great Adventure. Never yet was worthy adventure worthily carried through by the man who put his personal safety first."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

FOREWORD

THREE years ago to-day Quentin Roosevelt fell in France in an aerial combat over the German lines. He was buried by the enemy with military honors near the little town of Chamery.

Two weeks later when the Soissons salient was wiped out the Three Hundred and Third Engineers found his grave. The American burial service was read over the grave and the Engineers raised a new cross, and placed a shaft to mark where the airplane had fallen. Quentin Roosevelt was not yet twenty-one when he was shot down; still years count for but little in the record of a life; one man at twenty may have accomplished more and leave more behind to mourn his loss than another who saw a century out. Quentin Roosevelt to casual acquaintances typified the light-hearted *joie de vivre* (there is no English phrase

FOREWORD

that can quite convey the meaning) which freshened all who came in contact with it, but underneath it all there lay the stern purpose and high resolve of one who realizes the essential seriousness of life.

K. R.

July 14, 1921.

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CHAPTER I

BEFORE THE WAR

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT was born in Washington on November 19, 1897, six months before his father enlisted for the war to free Cuba. As a boy he attended the public schools in Washington. The last year of his father's second term as president he went to the Episcopal High School at Alexandria, Virginia.

The following summer—that of 1909—he spent in Europe. He had always been interested in mechanics, and in a letter to Ambler Blackford, a son of the principal of the school, he tells of his first sight of an airplane.

We have had a wonderful time here and seen lots. We were at Rheims and saw all the aeroplanes flying, and saw Curtis who won the Gordon Bennett cup for swiftest flight. You don't know how pretty it was to see all the aeroplanes sailing at a time. At one time there were four in the

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air. It was the prettiest thing I ever saw. The prettiest one was a monoplane called the Antoinette, which looks like a great big bird in the air. It does not wiggle at all and goes very fast. It is awfully pretty turning.

Isn't Notre Dame wonderful? I think anything could be religious in it. And the Louvre, I think it would take at least a year to see it. I have some of the pictures. I think the little Infanta Margarita by Velazquez is the cunningest thing I ever saw, and I think they are all very beautiful. We have been to Rouen and everywhere.

Tell S. that I am sending him a model of an aeroplane that winds up with a rubber band. They work quite well. I have one which can fly a hundred yards, and goes higher than my head! Much love to all from

QUENTIN.

That autumn on his return to this country he entered Groton School as a first former. His bent for mechanics, which was not inherited, and

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his love of reading, which was inherited, found expression in the school magazine. Quentin became an editor and also worked as typesetter and general overseer in the more practical part of publishing. It was in the printing-room that he enjoyed himself most when at Groton.

In January, 1915, with the World War launched upon its first winter, he wrote the following story for *The Grotonian*:

“ONE MAN WITH A DREAM”

“The train stopped with a jerk, the doors flew open, and the crowd surged out toward the street. I made my way slowly to the taxi stand and hailed a waiting machine. ‘4 West fifty-seventh street, and make it fast,’ I said. The man glanced at me quickly, hesitated, and then said, ‘Why that’s John Amsden’s house, isn’t it?’

“‘Yes,’ I said, ‘make it in less than ten minutes and you get a fiver.’

“The machine started to the street, dove around the corner into thirty-fourth, and then across. The traffic seemed strangely crowded:—we barely

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moved behind a stream of street cars and autos. Finally came Broadway and I saw the reason. Herald Square was packed with people,—a tense, silent crowd, all watching the bulletin boards. I strained to catch a glimpse and made out, under the flaring arc lights, ‘10.45—Drs. Waring and McEwen report John Amsden is doing as well as can be expected. He is partially conscious.’

“I hammered on the window of the taxi stand, as the man turned, cried to him to hurry. The traffic was still blocked, however, and we were hemmed in. I looked at the board again. Another notice was being rolled up. ‘11—Condition slightly improved.’ Strained faces in the crowd relaxed. I could see one man turning to another and clapping him on the back, a smile of relief on his face. So that was the reason. That was why I had received the telegram, ‘John needs you. Come at once.’

“The traffic began to move, and soon we were racing up Fifth Avenue, 42nd, 48th, St. Patrick’s Cathedral,—at last 57th. Two policemen guarded the entrance of the street. I was evidently ex-

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pected, for they let me through with a glance at my card.

"The door was open, and I went into the familiar hallway with its carved oak stairs. The contrast was startling. Outside the crowded streets;—inside, dead silence. I went upstairs. Low voices came from the back of the house. Someone inside was speaking:—'It must have been that speech in Union Square that did it. The Doctors say it is pneumonia. His system is so overworked that he can't fight the disease.'

"Another man spoke up, 'Something had to crack. No man can work at fever heat for weeks on end.'

"I pushed open the door and entered. Three men were seated before the fire, all of them men whom I knew. My cousin Arthur, who was a reporter on the *Globe*, Charles Wright, the actor, and Pearson, the critic. Arthur sprang to his feet as I entered. 'I'm afraid its too late, Cousin Fred,' he said, 'the Doctors have given orders that no one is to see him.'

"Hopeless, I sat down. Why had I gone away?

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I might have known something would happen to him.

"Tell me," I said.

"There's not much to tell," said Pearson. "He would speak at that mass meeting in Union Square Friday. It was drizzling a little and he caught a chill. That and overwork brought on pneumonia. That's about all."

We lapsed into silence, each thinking of the man above who was fighting for breath. The fire flickered, and then died out. Arthur spoke up:

"You were with him. Tell us about it."

"It was like a dream," I said, "A dream come true."

"John Amsden and I roomed together at college. I think that was the beginning of our friendship. He never did much there, that is, in any serious way. He worked a little, went to every dance in or out of Boston, and that was about all. He had not the physique for an athlete, and though he had several things published in the *Advocate*, he gradually let it drop, and never

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tried for editor. He did not have to work for a living, for his father's millions were waiting for him so there was no incentive. People said that he had lost what little capacity he had ever had for work while in college.

"After college he led the life that all those lead who belong to the class reformers and Socialists call the idle rich. His winters were spent in Aiken or Palm Beach; his summers in Europe, with interludes of Meadowbrook and Tuxedo. I doubt if he ever did anything more than this for twelve years. Even his friends, who always claimed that he would some day develop, gave up hope. He seemed to have arrived at the end of his development.

"Last summer we arranged to go abroad together for a bicycle trip through Holland and Belgium. That was in July. August found us in Belgium, travelling slowly from place to place. To make a long story short, we were caught in the whirlwind of the war. We saw the fall of Liege and we followed in the track of the invader as he tramped through Belgium. We saw towns lev-

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elled, cathedrals shelled, smelt the smell of the battle-field, saw the fleeing people, homes burned, husbands and fathers gone, the soldier dead, his rifle in his hand, the priest with his crucifix,—we saw it all.

“To John it was a revelation. He had never before felt the horror of death, never seen the human soul apart from its polished covering. What death he had seen had been decorous, honored, attended with peace and quiet. He had barely realized the fact that suffering existed,—that the horrors of war were any more than a novelist’s term.

“Following in War’s path had brought it all home to him with an appalling nearness. All the sorrows he had never known, all the emotions he had never felt,—he went through it all, saw the feelings of people, not mirrored in a book or veneered by etiquette, but sharp, bitter, unconquerable. In him it brought out all the character that had lain hid. All the crusader spirit of his ancestors came to the top. He was fired with it. In his reaction he thought of his former life almost with loathing. It seemed to him almost unbe-

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lievable that America could be callous to the suffering, to the horror of what he saw before his very eyes. He felt he was chosen, that it was his duty to tell of Belgium.

“He decided quite suddenly. “I’m going back, Fred,” he said, “to tell the people at home about this. They must understand, they must help.”

“We made our way to the coast, as best we could, and at last got a steamer for America. On our voyage we talked of the people at home often. It never occurred to him that people would not understand, that they would not see as he did. He could not conceive of anyone remaining unmoved in the face of suffering such as we had seen.

“We parted at the dock. The next day, as I sat at home, the telephone rang. It was John. “Fred,” he said, “I must have a talk with you.”

“We agreed, finally, that I was to come over and see him.

“He was sitting in this room before the fire, as we are now, when I came in. In all my life I have never seen a look of utter hopelessness such as there was on his face. “It’s all wrong,” he said, “they don’t see. I can’t understand it.”

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"‘‘He told me then, how he had been to his friends,’ had spoken to them, and the effect of his words. ‘‘They wouldn’t even listen to me. They wouldn’t even listen! I tried to tell about it all but they cut me short. Harry Wilding wanted to tell me about the baseball the Giants were playing. Schuyler had a scheme he wanted me to finance,—to charter a steamer and send over a cargo of silk socks to Belgium. Said it was a great opportunity now that the German market was closed.’’ He laughed, dully, and, pulling aside the shade pointed out the window.

“‘‘There,’’ he said, “there it is. That is the explanation. That is the American spirit; America’s countersign; her God.”

“I looked. A huge sign showed in electric lights:

THE NEW NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JAMES FRIED’s article on WHAT THERE IS IN THE
WAR FOR THE U. S. A.

“‘‘Yes,’’ said John, bitterly, “that is the acid test of the ‘Great American Nation’s’ feelings. What do we get out of it?”

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"He gazed into the depths of the fire, and I watched the shadows come and go on his face. Suddenly his expression changed, and his eyes sparkled with the light of battle. "I have it," he cried, "I shall write the play of the war. I shall bring war home to the people as it has never been brought before. I shall challenge the nation."

"That was the beginning of his great play. He worked feverishly, at high pressure,—writing far into the night.

"In three weeks it was done. I remember the joy on his face as he came to the door. "It's done, Fred," he said.

"He would not let me read it, though I begged him to. The first night, so he said, was the test. He wanted me to see it then for the first time, and so I waited. As you know, Eisenstein agreed, after the first reading, to put it on as soon a company could be got together.

"Then, at last, came the first night. All New York seemed to be there. It had been wonderfully advertised. All over the city, great placards with the name, WAR, in red, and then JOHN AMSDEN,

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underneath. I had to fight my way,—but you were there—you remember.’

“Pearson nodded.

“‘You remember how it was received. Not a sound from the whole packed house. Not a clap, not a cheer, not even the shuffling that a crowd of people generally make. It was a tense, uplifted audience. A woman in front of me was crying as the curtain fell, and the crowd filed out silently. No one was discussing the play in the lobby when I came out. It was too great, beyond unthinking praise. Men went home and thought over it.

“‘By morning it was famous. In every paper it appeared on the front page. Critics called it a sermon of the stage.

“‘That was four weeks ago. Since then the presses have been running to capacity printing it, it has been played all over the country. People have telegraphed him by the thousand, asking him to speak. He has been hailed as another prophet who should preach of America’s duty in this war.

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"‘He was asked to speak at Union Square before I left. You know the rest—.’

"I stopped, and we sat in silence for a while, each busied with his own thoughts. The clock in the Metropolitan tower began to chime. I looked out the window onto the quiet street. Across was Broadway, with its lights, its passing crowds. I could just see the top of the huge sign at Columbus Circle:—‘CHARLES WRIGHT IN WAR’. I thought of the great crowd gathered at Herald Square. The clock struck the hour,—ten—eleven—twelve.

"The deep boom died away. There was a noise of footsteps on the stairs. It was the Doctor. We sprang to our feet. ‘How is he; Doctor?’ said Arthur; his voice sounding cracked and strained.

"The Doctor looked at us, his face worn and white and lined, and shook his head slowly. He turned and went out without a word.

"‘Oh, it can’t be true,’ cried Arthur. ‘There must be something wrong. Why should he die?’

"‘It can’t be helped, boy’ said Pearson, ‘It was

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fate. God's plans seem mysterious to our cramped view.' He quoted softly:

“One man with a dream, at pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown.”

Quentin had a remarkable gift for descriptive writing, and particularly delighted in short sketches, usually with the element of fantastic mysticism predominant. The two brief stories following were written while he was serving in France.

“IN LINE OF DUTY”

“The service pistol is a merciless thing. Up there above my desk it hangs, between Hilda’s picture and the instrument board, always loaded, always ready. Yes; always ready, always loaded; that’s the watchword of our service,—even now as we lie idly awash, charging our batteries. Its pleasanter this way, tho, with the fresh air cleaning off the fumes of the last night’s run. And then, when you’re on the surface, there aren’t so many noises, or at least I know them all.

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Sometimes when we are submerged I hear sounds,—ones that I cant account for. I swear they're only imagination, tho'. You can almost hear them now; the soft deadened whisper of stumpy fingers groping and pawing at the edges of our plates. Its all foolishness, all foolishness! Here I am, the senior commander of the imperial submarine service, with a record that even an admiral might envy, worrying like any child over noises that dont exist,—mere imagination.

"Kuhlman is responsible. He was mad and I should have put him in irons. I remember when first he came aboard. The old admiral was there, and said to me, 'Take him and make a man of him.' So I gave him responsibility, put him in charge of the forward tubes. Off the coast of Ireland we were, and sure of work before long.

"We got it, too,—a big boat, one of their crack liners. I was sorry we had to do it, for there were many women and children among her passengers, but what else could I do? She had been warned; and in war there is no pity.

"I let young Kuhlman have the shot, and then,

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as there was no convoy and no guns, we rose to watch the effect. It is very sudden death, a torpedo. One moment you are but two days from port; the next the boats are manned and the band plays as she sinks. It was a bad night, and there were many of the boats that they could not launch. She sank very quickly, and we submerged again, for it was too rough for us,—and so we lay for two days while the storm went on above. Then it blew itself out, and luckily too, for two days below are hard on the nerves. Kuhlman felt it most, for he had never before seen death, and the sight of that ship sinking from the torpedo that he had fired, had been too much for him. So we came up, and were lying on the surface, just as we are now, while we officers smoked upon deck. After two days like that, the air seems very sweet, and it is good to live again, and cease to be a machine. Only as we stood there something came drifting down upon us,—something white that glinted in the sunlight. It was quite close before I saw what it was,—too close. Somehow the current caught it and

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brought it alongside, and it seemed to stick to us in the little wash that lapped our sides. All the flesh was gone from the head,—the fish had been at it,—and the bare skull shone like polished ivory as it bobbed up and down and the water washed in and out of the empty eyes. It had been a common sailor off the ship we had sunk two days before, and across the chest of the suit you could see the letters ‘Cunard Line.’ It drifted on, but with it went all the life of the air, and I ordered the men below.

“It must have been that that started Kuhlman. I had grown quite attached to him, for he seemed only a boy, for all of his moustaches. And yet, at first, even I did not notice any change. Then he took to coming in and sitting talking to me in my room, and I began to wonder. He said he liked the company. Only, as I found out, the real reason was that he was afraid to be alone. Later he told me about it. In the beginning it used only to bother him at night when the lights were out. Then, as he lay in bed, they would begin. He would hear them outside in the water,

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talking to one another, in dead voiceless words, the salt water in their mouths. And always their talk was of him. 'He fired the torpedo,' they seemed to say, and then he would hear the fumbling of soft, sodden fingers tearing at the rivets. Later he began to see faces, dreadful, greenish, water logged ones, long strings of sea weed in their hair. And worst of all they were all faces he knew, friends and family at home, that stared at him with blind dead resentment. They became worse and more insistent, and he began to go round with his eyes fixed in front of him, for he said they watched him from the corners. He slept with his lights turned on. I did my best to talk him out of it, but I knew that we would soon lay up for our month in port, and I thought that would cure him. Then we put in to take on oil for our last two weeks, and they gave me a bundle of papers. Kuhlman was in my room at the time, and I tossed them to him to read, for I thought it might cheer him. I was busy myself, looking over my new orders, and the reports from other commanders. Over my

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shoulder I called to him some question about the news. There was no answer, and after a bit I turned around to look at him. He was sitting, the paper spread before him on the desk, and as I looked, he got up and fumbled for the door handle. His face was dead white, and on it the look of one who has seen something very terrible,—something more than one should see. I stood for a moment doing nothing, for the look on his face had driven all thoughts from my head and then, stupidly, I looked to the paper for the explanation. There was little enough in it,—politics, the war, a new invention, and at the top of the page the pictures of some people, a family I judged, with father, mother, and a sweet-faced girl of about twenty. I looked closer, and saw under the pictures, ‘drowned in the *Caronia* disaster.’ Even then I could not see the reason for that look in his face. Orders were orders, and he’d have to learn that in war people were killed, and not always the guilty,—and it was all part of the game. Suddenly there was the roar of a shot. I was in his room before the echoes died

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along the iron walls, but of course it was too late.

"He lay bent over his desk, the pistol still clutched in his hands. Then, at last, I saw the reason. In a little gold frame before him was a girl's picture, the same that I had just seen in the paper, now blotched with his blood, he had written in his round, boyish hand,—'Ah, dearest; mea magna culpa.'

"A bad, bad business it was. The bullet at that range, had torn his face terribly, and yet somehow I was relieved, glad almost. I am sure that his eyes would have been,—not nice.

"That was a month ago and I am still at sea. I thought when I got back after that run I would ask for a rest,—I had begun myself to hear things that were not of the ship. But once in port, they told me I was chosen to take this, our newest, on her maiden run. What could I do? It was an honor they offered me. All the same, I wish the captain's quarters were not like those on my old ship. When I came in, and saw the bare iron walls just as before, with that grim pistol in its clips by the instrument board, I seemed to see

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him again. And now, three weeks out, it is growing worse. I dare not turn the lights out, for if I do, instead of the luminous dials of my instrument board I see only his poor shattered head, with great eyes that call me.

"Perhaps he was right, after all. The service pistol is a merciful thing."

"THE GREATEST GIFT"

"'What is the greatest blessing?' I mused, as I sat at my window. And the warm breath of spring, sweet with the scent of flowers and green things growing whispered softly 'Life. Life is the greatest gift. To live and feel no fear lest the grim hand that stays not smite. What higher have the gods to give?'

"In my heart youth cried assent, and full of the horror of that gray and merciless one who spares no man, I went forth into the crowded ways. Everywhere was life, and the beauty of things living. As pleasant music to my ears were the cries of children and all the many voices of

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the street. Death seemed but some foul vampire that lay in gloating cruelty waiting to take all from me.

"I wandered whither my feet led me, careless of all save my thoughts until I came on a street to me unknown, a dark street heavy with the dust of centuries. Grey lichens clung about the houses' eaves, and in the shapeless wind-worn carvings. No children played upon the steps and on the cobbled pavement no traffic passed. The roar of the world without was lost, for sound itself seemed choked with age, and my footfall waked echoes long dead that fled wailing past the sombre houses and died among the wind worn tiles. One door alone stood open, mysterious, beckoning, and thru it I passed as one who enters in a dream, a place familiar, yet of the dream. All within lay shrouded in gloom save for a little glow ahead, and toward its soft crimson I went, my hands against the velvet arras. And now I saw whence the light came. A ball of crystal in whose clouded heart the crimson light rose and fell with steady beat lay between the paws of an ebony

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sphinx, that crouched before a tall chair of ebony. In the light lay mystery, and the very air was heavy with the secret of old forgotten dreams.

"The scent of spice and sandalwood, of incense and of myrrh. I stood in silence and past me went my thoughts, that drifted in a sea of memories dim and griefs long past. But in on them came a voice, deep and clear, yet a part of the silence, that said: 'What do you in the memories of the past, whose heart is with the present, to whom life and all that lies before alone are fair?'

"With slow steps muffled in the crimson carpet I went into the circle of warm, glowing light and was aware of one who sat buried in the great chair. Face and hand alone were visible, for the velvet gown merged indefinitely into the ebony of the chair. One hand showed, yellow and shrivelled with age, while ridged tendons like twisted wires stretched to long fingers tipped with yellow and pointed nails. On the face, too, lay the mark of ages, for over the skull the skin stretched wrinkled and creased like an ancient parchment. Deep sunk in their sockets glowed

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eyes that held me and searched my soul. There was in them age, to which to the end of time we were young; tragic age, the bitter sorrow of ten thousand years; sorrow such as had the dead eyes of Oedipus. As I looked in them all fear left me,—and only an awe and a pity too deep for words remained. Yet when I spoke it was as a child that answers, and yet is intent on the question it would ask before even it speaks. ‘Why should not I dwell in memories past, to enjoy the more what Life may hold?’

“He spoke again, and his voice was as a hand held out to one that gropes in darkness: ‘May not life then rise above itself—has it no higher to offer than its little span, and must death ever lie, a secret terror, black upon the mind? Is death a penalty that the Gods exact of a man whether evil or fair has been his lot? Through my crystal must all mortals pass when the fires of life are flickering low;—look now, in your ignorance, upon the face of Death.’

“I looked at the crystal, and deep in its heart saw pictures that came and went as the light

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rose and fell. Each seemed to tell a tale familiar, tho' the time was short and the faces strange.

"An old man lay dying, his children round him, on his face peace, and the happiness of one whose life is well spent, who after the long day's toil waits gladly for the end.

"The crystal blurred and another scene was there. A woman lay dying, but none were there to watch save desolation and utter loneliness, for she had lived beyond her time, all that might have cared were dead, and on her face shone only a great relief.

"Many pictures I saw, and where the dying were young, I saw the struggle against death. Yet Youth did not fear death,—rather they feared to lose life, its cup still full. Where age lay dying was no struggle—only rest after the fever and fret of life. At length I turned to him who sat silent in the great chair, and asked humbly: 'What of you—will not you, too, pass in the crystal's crimson mist?' 'I,' he cried bitterly, and his voice swelled till its deep grief filled the velvet hung chamber with tragedy unspeakable, 'I have

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sinned too deeply, I may not die. Of the Gods I asked too much. I wished for all that was theirs to give,—for life eternal. They gave it me and now is their gift as gall and bitter wormwood to my soul. All that I ever loved or knew is dead for thrice a thousand years. Alone I go down the endless ages. Aye, the very gods have changed. Moloch and Ishtar, Zeus the Thunder, Jove to whom prayed the Romans, and Jehovah of the Hebrews—all are gone and forgotten of man. Their temples are ruins, their priests are dead, and still I live on; I who have lost all that for which men live. O, blind and more than blind, who would forever be free from death; death for whose kindly touch in years to come you pray. Of what value is immortality when all that makes our little lives is mortal.'

"He ceased, but the memory of his words throbbed in dumb agony round the arras, nor did it die, as mortal speech is wont. Into the depths of me it sank, and I fled from his presence. Death, whom I had cursed, seemed now a kindly friend, who, when we tire of our toys, and all our

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little mortal playthings are faded and broken,
comes soft-handed to heal all with his dreamless
quiet.

“And within me my soul cried out: ‘Yes. Ah,
yes! Death, death and oblivion are God’s great-
est gifts.’”

In the fall of 1915 Quentin went to Harvard. He was unable to take part in athletics because of a fall he had had in a hunting trip in Arizona. His horse had slipped among the slide rock, and Quentin’s back was wrenched and twisted so severely that in spite of constant treatment it never fully recovered. He suffered acute pain from it when he took any strenuous form of exercise.

Bubbling over with life, he entered into every other phase of college life. His taste for literature was almost as catholic as his father’s, and his room was strewn with volumes of prose and poetry—histories, essays, novels, detective stories, and epic poems. At one time he was greatly interested in demonology and witchcraft, and

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combed the second-hand bookstores for grimy tomes on this subject.

Intent on following his line of mathematics and mechanics, he took many difficult courses, but his trials were leavened with a sense of humor that could not be downed.

27 Everett St.
Cambridge, Mass.
February 14, 1916

To "The Father of Quentin Roosevelt"

Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—The enclosed verses were written by your son Quentin at the end of his blue book in the Midyear examination in my course, Mathematics A, a few days ago. They strike me as so capital that I want to pass them along.

On account of his illness the boy did not do very well in the first half year, but I think he knows what he is about, and have good hopes for a better showing at the end of the course.

Hoping that you will enjoy these verses as much as I do (he would probably regard my

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sending them to you as a gross breach of confidence!) I am

Very sincerely yours

EDWARD V. HUNTINGTON

*Associate Professor of Mathematics
in Harvard University.*

ODE TO A MATH A. EXAM.

"If it be not fair to me,
What care I how fair it be?"

I.

How can I work when my brain is whirling?

What can I do if I've got the grippie?

Why make a bluff at a knowledge that's lacking?

What is the use if I don't give a rip?

II.

Cosine and tangent, cotangent, abscissa,

Dance like dry leaves through my sneeze-shattered
head,

Square root of a^2 plus b^2 plus k^2

Gibber and grin in the questions I've read.

III.

Self centred circles and polar coordinates,

Triangles twisted and octagons wild,

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Loci whose weirdness defies all description,
Mountains of zeros all carefully piled.

IV.

Still I plod on in a dull desperation,
Head aching dismally, ready to sip
Goblets of strychnine or morphine or vitriol,
How can I work when I've got the gripe?
A

He made two trips, during the summer holidays, in the West—one with his father and his brother Archie, and one with some Western friends.

When at home his taste still ran to mechanics, and he would buy a broken-down motorcycle for sixteen dollars, or a ramshackle automobile for fifty, and doctor his purchase up until it could convey him from place to place, albeit with some uncertainty. His parents once suggested that he and Archie should be given a communal automobile, but the latter explained that it would be quite useless, for he would want the car to run and take him from place to place, whereas Quentin would spend all the time taking the motor down and putting it together again.

CHAPTER II
THE WAY OF THE EAGLE
PART I—TRYING HIS WINGS

IN spite of his crippled back Quentin went to one of the Plattsburg camps the summer before the United States entered the war. Through the employment of unlimited determination and grit and the understanding consideration of his superiors he managed to last through the course.

In his letters he spoke bitterly of the attitude of the administration:

February 1917.

I just got a very discouraged letter from my Hon. Pa. We are a pretty sordid lot, aren't we, to want to sit looking on while England and France fight our battles and pan gold into our pockets? I wondered, as I sat by my fire, whether there are any dreams in our land any more. How can there be, for it is lands like ours, and Germany, that

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kill the nation's dreams, and then the people drop into oblivion. Rome died only when the little dreams and fancies of its people gave way to their lust for ease and pleasure, power and gold. I wonder if we are trending the same way—
• • • •

When war was declared all four sons turned to their father for advice and assistance in regard to the most rapid manner to get into active service. Quentin first planned to join the Canadian flying forces, but upon confirmation of the rumor that an American flying school was to be started immediately he decided that he would not materially speed up his entrance into active service by going to Canada, and accordingly altered his plans and enlisted for the Mineola camp.

April, 1917.

Excuse this scrawl, scribbled on the train,—there's a reason! Wild excitement! I have been put in the aviation school at Mineola instead of the one at Newport News.

I discovered, after I had gotten down to the

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station, that there is a 1.35 train for Washington that I could have taken, and so stayed with you at the Mid. Frol. However, I settled down in the 12.30 and woke up the next A.M. at Washington with that evil tempered, sandpaper-clothed feeling of filth which is the trade mark of all midnight trains. A bath, and such, at Alice's was a successful remedy, and I trotted down to the War Department, to start in on a complicated little game of catch as catch can, with the Aviation authorities. Their policy is one of mystery. You ask for an application whereupon a little colored "pusson" takes you in tow thru some twenty miles of stairs to an equally little white man who gives you a blank. The rest of your day is spent in taking that little blank for visits to various dens in the building.

Next comes your physical exam., over which a hypochondriac with the darkest views of his fellowmen, presides. After two hours of a twentieth-century refinement of the inquisition you are pronounced fit, and travel on again for your mental test. The presiding deity there is a

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gentleman who feels like David,—or was it Isaiah—that all men are liars. And the questions: “What is the average age of the Dodo?” the correct answer should be 37. “What is the average sex?” but to go on.

It really did take me two days to get by all the red tape, and apparently I was miraculously lucky at that.

First his instructors and later his pupils agreed that Quentin was gifted with that sixth sense that singles out the born aviator. Some men have an ability to call forth from machinery the best that is in it; it is a power analogous to that bestowed upon occasional horsemen, and is even more inexplicable. Quentin possessed this gift to a very marked degree, and when the first detachment of aviators was sent across to France he was among them, as was his boyhood friend, Hamilton Coolidge. The two boys had been at Groton and Harvard together, they were at the same aviators' schools in France, and went up to the line together, serving in neighboring squadrons. Coo-

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lidge lived to become one of the most distinguished American aces, and when he was brought down on October 27, 1918, by a direct hit from an anti-aircraft gun, his loss was bitterly felt by officer and enlisted man alike.

On July 23, 1917, they sailed from New York on the *Orduña*.

25 July, 1917.

We are apparently to put into Halifax and there wait for a convoy, goodness knows how long! . . . There is literally nobody on board except soldiers, Cousin Katy, and five or six extraneous nonentities that bob up and down on the smoking room horizon. It's by way of being very dull, for shuffle board, bridge, and reading become boring in time and even the springs of conversation can eventually be pumped dry. Our outfit are really mighty fine fellows, all of them. We've organized one of those interminable bridge-games, and as we play for a quarter of a cent a point there is not much chance of any great financial transactions either way, . . . a thoroughly satisfactory arrangement—*magnifique et pas cher*.

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Monday, after I left you I trotted down to the boat. . . . I don't mind confessing I felt pretty down when I saw the Statue of Liberty and the New York sky line dropping below the horizon.

Thanks, Mother dear, for the "Lute of Jade." It was just the sort of present that could cheer me up. When I opened it that first night I didn't know what it was, but it made the most tremendous difference, and of course I love it. It is sitting beside me as I write, looking friendly and very "family and home" like.

The next letter was from Halifax, where the transport was held waiting for the convoy.

I found a paper bundle in my cabin when I returned, which mother had left. I opened it and found, neatly wrapped in a napkin,—a loaf of bread, lots of chocolate, and a knife, with a note saying it was from Margaret, the cook! I half expected to find my pajamas full of messages from Mary, after that.

The long stay here has been pretty hard on

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everybody, for you can't help feeling it would have been much pleasanter to put in a week more in New York! Otherwise I am fairly well settled in existence of a uniform and appalling dullness. We've been trying boxing for exercise but yesterday I succeeded in getting one on the nose which the doctor thinks may have broken it. It doesn't look crushed, tho, so I think he may be wrong.

The "little clock" is a great satisfaction and sits sociably by my bed, beside the bottle of Poland water. The bread and chocolate is just finished and was a howling success. Please thank Margaret. This letter is merely a goodbye one, for total atrophy of the brain has resulted from this long stay.

August 10th

As it looks as if we were really getting somewhere, for they promise we will be in by tomorrow, —so I shall telegraph you then. I was going to send this from London, but things are so uncertain that I cannot be sure we will ever get there at all, let alone be there long enough to get letters off. There is a chance we will go direct to Folkestone.

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At the moment I feel as if anywhere on shore would be better than this boat. She's comfortable, and the food is O. K., but three weeks—Columbus could have given us a good race at that rate. There's really astonishingly little going on, on Shipboard. All the regular ship games and such like have died from overwork, and our chief amusement is betting on when we arrive. . . . Otherwise our life is spent in anticipation, which, though a great solace, makes but poor reading in a letter.

Paris,—August 18th
39 Rue Villejust

Starting way back at Liverpool,—when I finished my last letter to you we were in sight of the lights at the mouth of the Mersey, and I had decided that we were just about to go in when our destroyer convoy began a lot of promiscuous signalling and round we faced and tore full speed down the channel. I had a horrid moment, for I began to feel that we were destined to take the place of the flying Dutchman. I could almost hear the "man in the smoking room" on board ship ten years hence, as he told over his whiskey

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and soda how he once had seen the lost *Orduña*—grey mist pouring from her rusted funnel, go tearing past—leaving no wake behind her—the sunlight showing thru the rotted ribs of her boats,—and had heard the rattle of the skeleton soldiers that drilled on her mildewed decks to the wail of a ghastly band.

However, Sunday morning at five my dreams were rudely shattered by the thumping of the anchor chain and we were in Liverpool. There we were met with bad news. Alas for all our pleasant schemes of London. We were packed into a filthy little troop-train with an engine of a type once used on the New York elevated, and shot off at once to Folkestone. There after an uneventful night we boarded the channel steamer. It was hard to realise that I had gone thru England. Somehow, I don't feel as if I should ever really see it until we go abroad. I shall never have "permission" to go there, for if I get long enough to go there I shall wait over and get an extension to go home to you. England is lovely tho. The hedge rows are green, and the little canals mirror

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the sky, and all about there is a kind of "lots of time" quiet, as tho war were an idle speculation, and not hideous reality. The little thatched cottages and the funny old bridges seem all venerable apostles of peace.

In France, tho, it is different. Even on the run up from Boulogne to Paris the signs of war were everywhere. Every little while there would come a concentrating camp of some sort,—a food depot, or a gang of Chinese, or German prisoners that worked along the railroad tracks. And then came Paris, so late at night that I, for one, was glad enough to sleepily turn into my room, and drop off, too tired to care about baggages or the frenzied protests of the hotel concierge.

Next morning about eleven I woke, and after a breakfast of war bread and eggs—no more *brioches et miel*—reported at headquarters. There was all sorts of news. None of our nine officers are to be used for flying, at least for the present. The trouble is that we are going into this war, of course, on a vast scale, and that means a vast organisation. A huge American school is to be

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built in the central part of France,—it has to be provided with an administration, and officers have to be trained to take charge of instruction in bombing, anti-aircraft, reconnaissance, and the various other highly specialised forms of work. The net result is that all of our nine are placed in one or another kind of ground job, and scattered to the four winds of heaven. I report tomorrow at the American School—fairly near where Tommy is—to take the place of Seth, who has gone with our enlisted men to a French school. The work I know nothing of as yet.—I'll report as soon as I've begun. I don't fancy that I shall care very much for it, tho'. However, whatever it is, its all in the days run and part of our business, which is to eliminate the Hun. I shall probably have no flying for at least two months,—and during all that time will not get into the *Zone des Armées*, if that pleases you. I confess I'm sorry, for I wanted to get started flying, and have it over with. I know my back wouldn't last very long. The thing that I realize more each day I am here, is how serious a proposition this war

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has become. Back in the states no one realises how important it is. I would give my boots to get hold of some of them who said to me that all this war needed was our wealth. Of course they need it,—but someone, Napoleon I think, said that you can't beat a nation by starving it or bankrupting it. We have before us the task of driving the Bosche back, and overwhelming him, and no amount of talk, of airplane fleets that loom large only in the minds of the newspaper writers, can remove his presence from before us. Paris shows that, for it is not the Paris that we used to love, the Paris of five years past. The streets are there, but the crowds are different. There are no more young men in the crowds unless in uniform. Everywhere you see women in black, and there is no more cheerful shouting and laughing. Many, many of the women have a haunted look in their eyes, as if they had seen something too terrible for forgetfulness. They make one realise the weight that lies on all alike now. There is a sobering like no other feeling I know in the sight of a boy my age helped along

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the street by someone who takes pity on his poor blind eyes. It all makes me feel older.

• • • • •

Issoudun—Aug. 20—1917
Monday night.

I've only time for a very short note, as this is to go by a truck driver who is leaving for Paris. After all sorts of excitements, I'm settled down here definitely, with Cord for running partner. My job isn't half bad either. I'm supply officer for the camp, which consists principally in keeping a fleet of fifty-two motor trucks in running order and at the proper place. I also have to look after endless supplies of gasoline, and tools that are all jumbled into one vast pile, straight from the ship. In between times I act as the buffer between irate railroad officials full of jabbering complaints, and equally angry American construction officers who would like to consign the entire French railroad system to Hell, way billed collect farther on. Altogether, I've got a reasonably busy job! However its very good fun—lots more responsibility than I've ever had,—in fact lots

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more than I'd think of attempting back home. Only being out here, with no one else to do it, we have to, that's all.

Its hard, tho', to realise that its war. We're stuck five miles out of a typical little French town,—the old tower and Hotel de Ville dating back to Richard Cœur de Lion's time,—with no appreciable improvements in sanitation during the last six hundred years. There isn't a bath tub within less than twenty-five miles! In fact on Sunday Cord and I became so desperate that we took to our motor cycles,—as supply and quartermaster officers we have them,—and went off twenty miles to the nearest river to swim. It seemed preposterously un-war like,—motor-cycling off for a Sunday swim, and then lying on our backs and watching the sunset as we talked of the place that seems pleasantest to our minds now—Long Island. We both agreed that we hadn't realised how much we loved it until we were away. I think he's been a little homesick down here,—it is a forsaken hole. However mail gets here, and apparently its equally quick whether by the Farmer's Loan and Trust or the Military mail.

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I've had a letter from father and one from mother dated the thirtieth which came in less than three weeks via the Farmer's Loan and Trust.

.
I have no idea how long I shall be here. I'm afraid it will be months before I even get in a plane again. Both Cord and I feel that we would like our jobs a lot more if they came after we had been a couple of months at the front.

.
August 23rd.

I have been so very busy that this is the first chance I have had for a half an hour to write letters in. As I wrote Mother, I am now at the American Aviation School, or rather what will be the American School. Mother knows where it is and I am not allowed to mention the name. At the moment it looks as little like an Aviation School as anything I have seen. We have about two hundred men, and are busily employed getting all the vast equipment necessary to the school unloaded. With my usual evil luck I am stuck here as supply officer, a job for which I am as little gifted as possible. Judging by the way I have

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mishandled the ten thousand kinds of red tape which I have struck, my only destination after the war will be Atlanta State Prison.

I'm in the midst of a tremendous fight with the quartermaster up the line, as he refuses to allow me a motor-machine-shop, without which I can not possibly keep my trucks in commission. I also have been unable to get any sort of American reading material. Will you ask Mother to send me anything she has in the line of books, that will keep me up on what's going on outside—fact, fancy and fiction. You have no idea how thoroughly isolated we are out here in the A. E. F.

Eleanor treated me wonderfully in Paris. She has a really delightful house from the military viewpoint—good bed, piano, lots of room, bath tub, nice servants and even a garden, and, which is the best of all, "family" in the shape of herself.

Wednesday August 22nd.
Issoudun U. S. Aviation School
(or rather soon-to-be-school).

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I can truly say now that I am a blessé du guerre, for in the last two days I have been in two

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motorcycle smashups. The first one was yesterday. I was on my way over to Nevers—eighty miles from here—to arrange about some supplies, and Cord, who is mess sergeant, had gone with me on his machine. We were passing a truck, with him in the lead when, for some unknown reason, he slowed up. I was coming on him, so I slammed on my brake, which jammed, and I started on down the road skidding side and every which way. Cord put on power and got out of the way, but as my brake was locked I could do nothing so I saw a bully spill coming my way, and tried my best to get clear of the truck. The next thing I remember is lying on the bank with Cord and the truck driver pouring water on me and trying to put first aid compresses on my face. I was pretty well bunged up—a couple of deep cuts on my face, some loose teeth and two hands with not much palm left.

By luck we happened to be near the aviation school where Tommy is—we had intended to stop there—and I was bundled into the truck and sent over there to the hospital and bandaged up. Then, after about an hour, I went over to

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the barracks and saw Tommy, while I was waiting for one of our cars to come for me. He is in very good form, and is flying very well. In fact, an instructor told me that he thought that Tommy would be the first one of his class to make an "ace" which is pretty good, I think. I got back last night—bringing all sorts of messages to you from Tommy and thanks for your letter—and started out to write to you but found that my hands were too bad, and was sent off to bed by the doctor. By the way, those two letters,—to Tim and Tommy—nearly got me into a row. They were spotted by a customs official, opened, and read, and I was nearly jailed for life for attempting to bring them in. That en passant. At all events this morning, stiff all over, and about an inch deep in bandage, I had to go in town to see about loading some cars. As there was no auto, I went via motorcycle side car, and on the way in the man who was driving ran into the wall of a house and shot me out on to my ear. That time I reopened both hands and laid out one hip with a bad cut and bone bruise,—so that at

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the moment, tho' in excellent form, I am somewhat dilapidated.

.

I'm beginning to rather like my job—except for smashups. It is quite interesting trying out the different men, and seeing how each turns out, how to get the best out of them, and how to size them up. I suppose it all makes up experience. There's some good news. We are having a hangar shipped down to us at once, so I suppose we shall soon have planes. At the moment they look pretty far off.

.

August 25, 1917.

.

Today I was at Bourges and had my lunch at a queer little tavern, black with age, that lies in the corner of an old castle wall. Over the doorway hangs a faded sign, "*Aux trois raisins noirs*," and up by the wall runs a little, crooked alley, half cobblestone, half steps, that is called *Rue Cassecou*. I know you would have loved it,—and Madame who stands at your table, red checked and with

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the white cap that the peasant women wear, while *Monsieur le proprietaire*, cooks the omelet. I took an hour off from my work, for there were places that cried for exploration,—narrow, winding streets that might lead anywhere, and finally did bring me to the cathedral. It has one square tower, but all around the walls are buttressed, like those in Notre Dame. It is surrounded by a cluster of crooked little streets, whose houses seem as grey and ancient as the gargoyles on the tower. I went in, for there was no service. Once inside it seemed like another world. There was quiet so deep that I could hear the patter of the sacristan's feet as he came toward me, and the whispers of two old peasant women who knelt at a little shrine in the wall. It is like Chartres, for as you come in you see only the sombre gloom of the vaulted arches, and then as you pass on you look back on the glory of a great rose window. There was one window,—a virgin with a veil,—before whom candles were lit,—that was so lovely that I burnt before her a candle.

I shall be very glad to get any books that you

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can send me. At the moment my library consists of the collected works of Gaston Leblanc, father of Arsène Lupin, and the "Pageant of English Poetry," and "The Wind in the Willows."

I wonder if I ever told you my pet prayer,— almost the only one that I care for. It was written, I think, by Bishop Potter. "O Lord, protect us all the day long of our troublous life on earth, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in Thy mercy grant us a safe lodging and peace at the last, through Jesus Christ, our Lord." I've always loved it, and now, when life is hard, and all that is dearest to me is far away, it is a comfort to think that sometime all this will be past, and that we will have peace.

August 28, 1917.

You know, there are periods when I curse the day that I ever learned French. I am one of the

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two officers in camp who can talk it, so that outside of my regular supply work I get sent off all over the country on wild goose chases after material with nothing but a rather limited French vocabulary to go on.

Last Saturday was one,—and typical of most of the others. I was sleeping like a log at about six in the morning—it's good and cold then, too—when someone grabbed my foot and shook it, to wake me. I turned over sleepily, and with one eye open, remarked that tho' I didn't know who the Hellespont it was, I extended the hospitality of any spot outside my tent. There was a sort of pause, and then the person went on in an apologetic way, "I'm Major Hyles." And it was! Of course that woke me up, so I slid out of my warm sleeping bag into clammy clothes, and found out what the matter was. He wanted apparently, a pump, a switch, and an extra locomotive,—for which I was to scour the country, and not return empty handed.

That being the case I hopped on my motorcycle—it was the first day the doctor let me ride

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since my accident—and disappeared, breakfastless, into the scenery. Twelve o'clock found me at a town about 30 miles away, tired and dusty with over a hundred miles to the bad, and no success. However things began to look better and after having seen several regiments of *M. le Chef de Sections*, and *Chef de Districts*, I got the engine and arranged to have five trucks over at eight the next morning for the switch. Of pump however, there was no sign, until I found one in the barn at the back of a manufacturing company's shops, and then I started back, reported in town to the captain, and came out here to my tent, about 9:30, all in, and with pleasant prospect of getting up at six in the morning and going over with the trucks for the switch.

September 5, 1917.

My hours have been getting progressively longer. I start in with six o'clock breakfast and work till five. Then I go over with Cord to the

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French camp to fly, which means that I don't get back to bed until between nine and ten. Its a mighty long day,—and the work's tiresome. We are arranging for the storing and unpacking of all the equipment,—and as it ranges from rock crushers to flash lights,—and has all to be listed, checked with an invoice from the states,—stored according to classification and then cross indexed in a filing system, I am as busy as several hivefuls of bees.

Then on top of that there's flying which I don't think I'd do if it weren't for Cord. He has been relieved from his quartermaster job, and so hasn't much to do. Consequently he has arranged that he and I go over to the French school and fly. We flew twice with instructors, and then went alone,—as (except for the controls) the machines aren't much different from the Curtis. They are as safe as an auto, as safe really as the old Curtis. All this doesn't interfere with the fact that a seventeen mile motorcycle ride, a flight, and then back by night aren't very resting. In fact my back just about quit on me, so I struck,

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and this afternoon called off work at five thirty, washed and *shaved* (though there's no particular reason to over here!).

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September 6, 1917.

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Last night, just after I had finished writing to you, a tremendous thunderstorm struck us. I was in bed,—dozing,—and luxuriating in the fact that it was half-past eight and I was all ready to go to sleep,—when a regular cloud burst hit the camp. Inside of five minutes my tent had become the housing for a very respectable water course,—a fact which I discovered when it started to wash off some of my clothes. I hastily moved everything above high water mark, and then turned over to a sleep, punctuated by leaks, and one visit from a water-soaked dog, that fled to my bed for refuge.

In the morning our camp had settled into a sea of gumbo mud. I got down to my office for work, and after a strenuous two hours succeeded in getting six of the trucks out onto the road. The others were buried axle deep in mud, and so

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we left them for dry weather. Consequently my day was peaceful—interrupted only by the arrival of a French general, described to me by my supply sergeant as “a French admiral, or something, all dolled up in gold lace, who’s a jabbering after you out there.”

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P. S. Next morning 6:30 A.M.—And the winds blew and the rains fell and the centre of my tent has become a water course,—so now I am an évacué—alas and alackaday-de! It’s rained all night

September 7.

There’s been a temporary cessation of work due to flood conditions so I have a chance to write to you. I have never seen such a place for rain. It started in last night just about the time I got to bed, and poured, beginning with a thunder storm. I settled in for a comfortable sleep, as my tent didn’t leak, when I noticed the beginning of a water course across my tent floor. I had just time to put everything up on my trunk when it began to come through in dead earnest. I don’t

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mind a river bed as a geological formation, but I can't say that I think much of it as a resting place.

This morning when I woke up there was about an inch of water everywhere, and I had the pleasant job of getting into damp clothes while perched precariously on the edge of my cot. When I got down to my office, and supply department, I found another flood. The roof leaks in about seventeen different places, and the supply staff were clustered around the few Ararats afforded by desks and tool benches. Consequently there wasn't much work ahead, for the trucks are all mired down so deeply that it would be almost impossible to even get them out to the road, and even the most enthusiastic of motorcyclists wouldn't try the roads thru all this. So, after about an hour of work on a filing system we are fixing up for our tools I had to give it up, as the rain spattered down onto the file cards, and I am calling it a day and writing to you instead.

We are really beginning to get settled in here in spite of the weather, and I think we shall over-

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come that, for I am going to start building cinder roads as soon as the weather clears enough, to get my trucks thru to the railroad tracks. I hope they will really get the school itself started soon, and then maybe there will be barracks for us instead of tents. The trouble is that garages for trucks, and sheds for tools and equipment are much more important than sheds for mere men, and so they have to come first.

I have gotten in a certain amount of flying over at a French school, some seventeen miles from here. I go over there with Cord at five thirty when the work is over here and get in about a half an hour's flight. I can't do it very often though, for I am having a certain amount of trouble with my back, and I don't want to have it give out on me while I am still supply Officer. About every third day I call my work done at five thirty, and settle down to a book and a pipe until eight thirty bed time, and so I make out pretty well. I don't know when I am going to be put regularly into flying service again. I am afraid that it won't be for some time, to judge

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by the way things are going. Still, I haven't got Ted's point of view, and I'm certain I'll get in in plenty of time. I'm not in the least afraid that the war will be done before I've had my whack at the Bosche. I have to go up to Paris on business next week, and I hope I shall get a chance to see Arch and Ted then, for Eleanor thinks that they are going to try and get back en permission. I won't have much time for them, as I have to get vast quantities of parts for motor-cycles and trucks, but I am going to stay with Eleanor.

I haven't heard a sound from the States for over a week now, so I suppose there must have been some mix up in the mails at the Post Office. I suppose they will get to me in the end, though, for I have gotten two letters from Eleanor that came by way of the military Post Office.

My fingers are getting so cold that typewriting is becoming an illegible attempt, so I shall even call it off for the rest of the day. Lots of love to all the family, and thanks for all your letters, Mother dearest, from,

QUENTIN.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

39 Rue de Villejust,
September 18, 1917.

Just last Monday the Order came thru that Cord and I were assigned to the 1st Aero Squadron, and then to report there at once for flying. I could not leave, as there was no one to take my place as supply officer. However, I did start up to Paris at once, as there were all sorts of things that I needed for my supply department. It seems to be an interminable job getting things here in France, so I shall probably be up here with Eleanor for several days more. As a matter of fact I was very sorry to leave the supply department just at this moment. I had expected to leave it about three months later. As it is I leave just when I was beginning to get things running well, and when I had really become attached to the men that were under me. When I told my supply sergeant he said nothing at all for a minute and then "Oh Hell, sir, can't you take me with you to that outfit?" which I thought was pretty nice of him. However I had to do it. I rather think

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that if I had wanted to I could have stayed with the job,—but it wasn't worth it. If I had stuck this time it meant that I was running the risk of being stuck with it permanently, a sort of *embusqué* occupation. And so I am changed, and become the juniorest of junior lieutenants in an outfit composed mostly of regular army fliers. Still I get back to planes again—and it means that I'll probably see service fairly soon. I was beginning to feel rather like an *embusqué*,—but this changes it all. I rather think we'll first be down where Tommy is,—and so I'll be able to get hold of him. As soon as I get with the squadron I'll give you all the news of it.

One rather amusing thing happened—amusing because it was so typically American. The Commandant where we were is a regular old French war dog, with a string of medals across his chest. The other day at dinner I heard him give a great roar of laughter, and so naturally I asked him what was amusing him so. It appears that he had admired a dog belonging to one of our captains, whereupon the captain,—a long, scrawny indi-

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vidual with a strongly American sense of humor and delightful blue eyes with a concealed twinkle in them, explained to him in laborious French that the dog was all right, yes, but that its mother had "plus de medailles que vous n'en avez, mon commandant."

Paris is as delightful as ever, tho' I have been too busy to see very much of it,—at least of the parts that we'll see when we go here after the war. Most of my goings and comings have been in obscure garages and warehouses with addresses like 14 Rue Roger Bacon and 64 Quai de Billy.

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29 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne
September 15th, 1917.

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Eleanor originally had a bad cold, but she has succeeded in passing it on to me, now, and is as bright as a button. We went out for a spree last night,—dinner at Premiers and then a French play. It was a farce, and "I give you my word" it was the darndest. I was perfectly weak from laughing by the end of it, but scandalous is no name.

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I shan't even say anything about it—for you couldn't retail the plot to anyone. Then today, after a morning of business, I took an afternoon off and went shopping with Eleanor. We started out rather prosaically with heavy woolen under-clothes, slippers and a pair of boots. Then Eleanor decided that she wanted to give me a wrapper for a birthday present. I voted against a heavy, warm one, because I felt that everything I have over here was practical and suggested preparations for a long stay in uniform in the field. So we went to Liberty's and I got—or rather chose the material for—a silk one, rather like my pet blue one at home. It may be a bad plan to do "after the war" shopping, but I want on my birthday to have things that remind me of peace, and not of this war.

September 20, 1917.
Thursday.

I don't mind so much an out and out slacker, who says he is afraid, or unwilling to go, but I

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hate the one that gets a bullet-proof job in the Red Cross or Y. M. C. A., and then proceeds to talk of "doing his bit."

Monday afternoon I arrived back here again, all prepared to leave at once for the First Squadron. The Major met me at the station, and on the way out in the car began talking to me about Colonel Bolling's visit—he was down at camp. Suddenly he said,—“I gave you a darned good recommendation to him, but why are you changing to that other outfit? You don't gain much, for you're getting some flying over here, and the experience you've gained in the supply work you've done here, is worth twice what you can get out of the job of plain flying lieutenant.”

Of course, it was a big surprise to me,—but the upshot was that I agreed to put it before the Colonel,—Colonel Bolling is second in command of American Air Service in France. To my surprise, he agreed with the Major. He said “the only reason I was transferring you was for the flying—if you are getting your flying here, stay by all

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means. You have apparently made a good job of this one,—and the reason I sent you down in the first place, was to give you experience. If I were you, I should stay, for it will count a good deal more in a man's favor if he has made a good job of something like this supply position of yours, than if he has merely flown as junior lieutenant in a squadron."

After that of course I stayed, especially as he promised to put me in a squadron at the front as soon as they got started sending them up there. I am glad in a way, for now I know for certain that I shall not be *embusqué* here, and I had become quite attached to the men working for me. Five or six of them came round, when they heard that I was going to go, and told me that they were very sorry to hear it. My sergeant asked me to get him transferred into the outfit I was going to. It really made me feel quite—well, a lump in my throat, if you know the feeling.

Last night,—or rather yesterday, I received orders to have trucks in to receive about two hundred men, coming from one of the ports. I

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got the trucks and went with them myself,—just to be on the safe side. I sat around the station till midnight, for the troops were being sent in a freight train, which was late of course. Then the train appeared, and when I went up to greet the officer, who should it be but Phil Carroll, with his outfit, just arrived. I nearly collapsed, out of combined surprise and satisfaction. Of course, after business was over, I made him tell me all the news of all Long Island.

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September 30th, 1917.
Sunday.

Today, being Sunday, was inspection and so when it was over I went off to look around the country. It is glorious weather now,—the roads bright and dusty, with flurries of fallen leaves whirling across them, and that feeling in the air which says, despite the golden countryside, that autumn is passing fast into winter. I wandered where the roads lead me, past little farm houses, nestling close to great stacks of hay, and pleasant

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fields where the little boys ran out from their sheep to watch me pass, and the sheep dogs barked disapproval,—past little towns, barely more than a cluster of houses, with their weather worn little church, and cobble stoned streets.

The afternoon was passing, and I was beginning to think of camp once more, when I came upon a somewhat larger town,—over whose roofs I saw an old tower rising. And so, as I came opposite I stopped to look a minute. It had been an old chateau,—gone partly to ruin,—and round it had grown the town,—where its front must have been was a little inn, with the sign “Au Lion Noir.” The old arch was still there,—where the knights went out to battle in times past,—and I could see through it a courtyard, all bright in the afternoon sun, with little tables, and back of them the old wall with flowers in the windows,—and rusted iron gratings. And as I looked, out came the inn keeper, a great blue apron round him, to know if I would not stop and have some beer,—“*car vous devez avoir soif sur la grande route.*” And so I came in and sat in the

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courtyard, watching the pigeons wheel and circle back to their nests in the holes where the tower roof had fallen. I was told all about the old tower,—how it was old, very old,—but now fallen into ruin,—save where it was used for the inn,—even the great stairway, whose rafters I could trace along the side of the walls, was half gone. But yet, so Monsieur said,—“*on y est bien, mon cher*”, for so he called me,—I was “*mon cher*,”—an American coming to fight for France. And then, at length, it was time to go, and I put my hand in my pocket to pay,—when Monsieur stopped me with “*non, non, non,—il ne faut pas faire ça.*” Arguments were useless,—and so finally we parted,—and just as I was going he brought out a little black brass snuff box, and offered me some, which I took, tho I loathed it. And when I left he told me to return, with my friends, and visit him again.

October 8 and 10, 1917.

The flower I'm enclosing is mimosa. I don't know if it will keep its perfume, but it's too lovely

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now. Yesterday the Major and an English Captain who has been *reformé* sailed over across the bay to a funny little bit of a fishing village. There's the most glorious grove of mimosa there—part of the grounds of the parish church. Its all in bloom now, golden yellow avenues of it with a heavy sweet scent that fills the air. It was a hot afternoon, with no clouds overhead, and down in the grove, with no noise of the outside world except the trickle of a brook and the clatter of an old peasant woman's sabots as she went up and down tending the trees, the war seemed very far away and unreal. No one in the village seemed to be of this century even. The tiny winding street is made of oyster shells,—and bordering it were little, low, white washed houses with overhanging eaves. The wharf was deserted except for a few old men in the big, patched trousers they wear here, that look like bloomers,—and where the sunlight came thru the open doors you could see the polished brass candlesticks on the mantelpiece, warm red bricks on the floor, and children playing in the sunlight.

It was more like a page from a sketch book than a real place,—and utterly apart from war, and flying, with all the hurry and noise of the camp. We stopped at the inn—it was a combination of inn, general store, social centre—and took oysters, for which the town is famous, while the old proprietress chattered around and to us like a nice, motherly old hen. She told us that the *Ancre d'Or*, that was the inn's name, had been in their family for over a hundred years,—the men fishing while the women-folk ran the inn. Then, after complimenting her on her oysters—at which she beamed all over—we left while she bobbed "*au revoir messieu*" in the doorway. "And so," as Samuel Pepys said, "To bed."

The autumn is well here, often two weeks of dismal, chilly rain and mist, and the country side is bright with its brave resistance to the frosty nights. All along the road the trees are showing brilliant yellows and crimsons,—with here and there a clump of somber pines,—or a chateau on the cliffs, its towers in sharp silhouette against the sky. The fallen leaves swirl and dance among

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the eddies of white dust along the "grand routes,"—and everything and everyone seems to be living life to its fullest before the dreary dark of the long winter nights set in. The Loire country is exquisite,—little chateaux, and funny, ancient villages, that round the ruins of some castle, or else bustling modern cities like Nantes,—that contrast strangely,—the street cars and broad asphalt streets, with the old castle, and its network of narrow winding alleys in their midst.

Aviation Camp
November 1, 1917.

‘ During the last few weeks I have been chasing all over the lot and so haven’t had any chance to write you and tell you the news of myself. Added to that my last letter, which I sent to you by a transport officer two weeks ago was unfortunately delayed. I found out to-day, just by accident, that he was in the hospital as the result of a too protracted spree, and that his ship had sailed without him, so I shall have to go back into the dim distant periods of the past over two weeks ago to tell you all that has happened.

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In the first place, I was sent away from here with orders to go down to one of our ports of debarkation and take charge of a lot of Hudson touring cars which were to be taken overland to Paris. I got down there in great spirits, for of course it was a regular spree to get away from this camp for about a week wandering all over France in a brand new touring car. However, I found when I got down to the port that things weren't going to be quite as easy as I had thought. In the first place the cars weren't even unloaded from the boat, and there didn't seem to be much chance of my getting them off for weeks, as the stevedores were crowded up with work. After one day I decided that particular place was no sort of location for me so I began to hunt around for some way to hurry things up. The captain of the ship proved to be the solution. She is a merchant ship, taken over by the government for the transport service, with the same old merchant captain. He and I got on excellently—he came from Arlington, Mass., which was an instant bond in common, and so I ended up by living

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on the boat, and using the ship's crew and winches to unload and my own men to get the cars out, so that they were out on the dock in three days. I had my own truck men down with me to take charge of them so we got them assembled in short time and in four days were out on the road again.

It was a delightful run up. All thru Britanny and then up the valley of the Loire. I have got a little "presink" for you which I am going to send home by the first person. It is a very cunning little enamel cross that comes from Hervé Riel's town,—do you remember? The valley of the Loire is really lovely. I hadn't realized before how lovely France was, for our region, though it is pretty, is very monotonous, with nothing except the perpetual run of farm houses—which you soon become accustomed to. The Loire valley is all different, though, for it is never the same. Part of the time you are driving high up on the crest of the hills, with the Loire like a silver thread down below you, and the country, "pleasant France," spread beneath you with no hint of the war that is raging in the North, or again you drop

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down into the valley where you can watch the little towns and chateaux silhouetted against the sky. I saw so many places that I wanted to stop and investigate and couldn't,—funny little towns where the street winds around between houses, and under the ruined walls of the chateau to which the houses cling, or little grimy inns, "*Les Trois Raisins Noirs*," or "*le Cheval qui Boite*," all of which I am sure had all sorts of nice things in them to see. However, we could only stop very occasionally for meals, and so I didn't get a chance to do much more than see the country as I passed thru.

I did however, on the second day get a chance to stop off at Chartres and burn a candle in the cathedral. I had no idea that the road went thru there, when all of a sudden I saw off on the horizon the towers of a cathedral and thought that it must be that. So I called a halt, and while the men went off and got lunch I went in the cathedral. Do you remember the last time we were there,—when I was so busy trying to find out about the window, and we went out with

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Mr. Thoron? Goodness but that seems ages and ages ago. However, I finally got to Paris, and arrived in on Eleanor out of a clear sky, to find myself a very welcome guest as she had been feeling very lonely. The next morning I reported to headquarters and then went back to Eleanor's to get over the last of a slight attack of some sort of malaria that I had contracted in the run up.

When I reported to headquarters two days later I had the most horrid blow. I found that I was slated to take a detachment of fifty men to be taught the supply officer job in England. Of course I kicked. It seemed to be getting too far afield from flying and too far up in the supply work for me. However I had no success and went down to Issoudun again feeling rather low about it. Once down here however, I found that Jim Miller didn't want me to be taken away and after much telephoning to Paris I think it has been arranged that I am to stay here. I shall know to-morrow as I am going up to Paris again.

As a matter of fact I am going to have a bully job here. There is one of the squadrons here

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that is all disorganized. It got over here under an officer who was a poor bone head with no idea of how to get on with the men and the result is that there is no sort of morale to it at all. The men don't care whether they are out in the guard house or not, and they are in a frightful state. And yet they come from the same place as our crowd and are really exactly as good stuff. So they are going to put me in command of it here, to see what I can make of it. I am very much pleased, of course, for if I get away with it it means a very big step toward getting my own squadron to take out in the spring when we start sending our squadrons out to the front. It also is rather nice for they were very nice to me when they said that they would put me on, though they do refer to it as a dirty job. I don't care, for I think I can make it. I am going to get about five of my old crew transferred to it and then start in when I get back from Paris.

If everything works all right I am to stick here until they get the other fields working, for the plan is to have five fields working within a radius

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of ten miles, and am then to move over and take charge of one of the outlying fields. The idea is that they put one squadron in each field, and complete its training and at the same time get it working in together before they send it out to the front. It sounds as though it were going to be a bully chance to get away from any taint of supply officer and to get back into the flying end in the right way. I am very cheerful.

December 8, 1917.

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I am Commanding Officer of what is called the Headquarters detachment. It includes about six hundred cadets and forty officers. I have to see that cadet affairs work properly,—that all the officers do their work,—and most of all, I am the one the Colonel hops on if there's any complaint about the cadets. It is really no job for a flying lieutenant. In the first place—it takes all of my time,—or rather should take all of it, to the exclusion of flying. And then, too, it is pretty hard to command and discipline thirty nine other first

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lieutenants when you are of the same rank and only a few months sooner. I have been working nights on the thing trying to get it organized,—then stealing a couple of hours off in the day to fly. The real trouble is that it doesn't get me anywhere. I suppose it can all be classed as experience,—but I feel a little as if it were just "one more dirty job."

My commanding officer now is my old Mineola one,—tho', which helps, for he says he will let me get away as soon as they start sending any men out to the front. At the moment, tho', it doesn't look as if any of us would get out for a couple of months. What I am hoping is to be sent up in a British squadron some time toward the end of January, but I am not sure how much chance there is for anything like that. What one wants so rarely happens in this army. At all events, I am now plugging along from day to day, doing my work, and enjoying my flying.

These little fast machines are delightful. You feel so at home in them, for there is just room in the cockpit for you and your controls, and not

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an inch more. And then they're so quick to act. Its not like piloting a great lumbering Curtis, for you could do two loops in a Nieuport during the time it takes a Curtis to do one. Its frightfully cold, now, tho'. Even in my teddy-bear,—thats what they call those aviator suits,—I freeze pretty generally, if I try any ceiling work. If its freezing down below it is *some* cold up about fifteen thousand. Aviation has considerably altered my views on religion. I don't see how the angels stand it. Do you remember that delightful grey muffler you made me? Its very soft, either Angora or camel's hair I think,—and is now doing yeoman duty bridging the gap between the top of my suit and the bottom of my helmet. I think it is bringing me luck, too, for I am flying much better, now that I wear it every day. As a matter of fact I am wearing just about everything movable 'round my room now, and expect to for the next four months or so.

I had an exciting time two weeks ago with a plane. I was taking off, and had just got my wheels clear when a bit of mud got thrown against

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the propeller and broke it. One of the pieces went thru the gasoline tank and before the wheels were really down on the ground again, or before I even had a chance to cut the switch, the whole thing was in flames. I made a wild snatch at my safety belt, got it undone, and slid out of the plane on the doublequick time. It cant have taken me more than thirty seconds, and yet when I got out, my boots and pant legs were on fire.

As a matter of fact, its marvellous the amount you get away with in these planes. Two fellows in the last week have gone straight into the ground in vrilles, totally wrecking the plane,—and yet neither one is seriously hurt. The worst one of the two came down about three hundred feet, hit the ground so hard that he pushed the engine back where the rudder bar should be and the rudder bar under the seat,—and yet didn't break any bones. He will be out of the hospital in three weeks they think. All he got is a couple of bad cuts on his face from the wind shield and a stove-in chest. I've decided that nothing short of shooting a man or breaking a control is fatal!

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December 16

Here goes for a very long letter, full of all sorts of news, for I've just met the man who was supposed to take my last long letter home. He was an officer on one of our ships, whom I happened to know, and is back in Paris now, for his ship—and my letter were sunk. As a matter of fact, this is the first chance I've had to write for I really have been busy. At the moment tho' I am confined to bed, the result of a mild attack of pneumonia. I had had a cough for a month, which suddenly developed into that. I'm sorry, for I've lots of work to do,—but its a rather pleasant rest.

To begin 'way back—after I got back from my work of taking cars to Paris, I found that I had another job waiting for me. I was put in command of a squadron in quarantine for mumps. They had been under a bad C. O. and were pretty thoroly disorganized. I had Ham Coolidge for my second in command and two other very nice fellows from out West. I followed the Brushwood Boy's principle of sweating the fat off 'em and the beef on. First I put in two days making them clean

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out their barracks, and fix things up generally. Then I took them out and drilled and hiked until I know I was good and tired so I rather think they were. It worked like a charm, tho', for after about two weeks they were all in fine shape. Really, the American of the mechanic class is a pretty fine specimen, I think. You see all the mechanics,—the skilled labor, has gone into the aviation service,—so you do get a good crowd. At all events, just about the time I had got them really going, another reorganisation hit us.

That has been the trouble all along in the Air Service. The first lot of regulars that they sent over here in the aviation weren't much. They were mostly men who had not made themselves useful enough in the States to keep them. They got over here, and found that the reserve officers who had been sent were a far more capable crowd. Then, instead of turning in and trying to work together as far as possible they tried to buck the reserves. You see, nearly all of them—the regulars I mean—came over here as captains, and as they are now either majors or colonels,—they've

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gone promotion wild. They have been hanging on, trying to prove that the reserve officers were useless. We had about three months of that, and then, thank heaven, Washington realized what was going on, and sent over a complete new organisation.

(The letter at that moment was interrupted by Major Goldthwaite, who came in and blew the roof off me for trying to write or do anything like that. This is continued two days later.)

I have just started to really convalesce, and am being allowed to read and write again. I was really quite sick for a while, a good deal sicker than I thought I was, and so, as soon as my temperature began to go down again I thought I was good for letter writing and reading. The medico sat on that scheme, tho, so to-day is my first day of doing anything at all for ten days. I am to be kept in bed here until I am well enough to make the trip safely, and then am to be sent up for a two weeks' sick leave, when I shall see Eleanor in Paris, and get all fixed up again.

We have now got a real man size organisation

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over here now, and it has struck our school down here, for we now have my old Mineola K.O. He has made the most tremendous difference to the place. He was responsible for my last change in job, tho. Just after he came here, when they made the new organisation, he made me commanding officer of what is known officially as the headquarters detachment. That consists of all the cadets and some fifty officers. You probably don't know what the cadets are, as no one back in the states, including the war department, seems to have any very definite idea about them. The original idea was that, as all fliers were to be officers, all flying students should be cadets. Its a good idea, too,—I wish they'd had it when I was at Mineola, for I'd have gotten a hundred dollars a month instead of forty. At all events the edict went forth that all students were cadets.

Then some lunatic got the idea that there was a crying need for pilots over here, that we were ready for six hundred students a month, and some other pipe dream, so they started shipping over untrained cadets by the hundred to France.

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Of course we have no earthly means of coping with them, and never wanted them in the first place. What with the troubles we have had in getting construction gangs and materials, I doubt if this school will be ready for six hundred pilots by next June, let alone six hundred a month now. What is more, and what they didn't seem to realize back in Washington, we are an advanced school, and have no facilities for training beginners. Consequently, we have now about six hundred non-flying cadets here with nothing in the world for them to do, and apparently no chance of their flying in the next couple of months.

The Colonel, when he put me in command, told me I was to try and get things straightened out as far as possible, and then make a detailed report on the state of things. I started in and found I was up against a most tremendous job. The cadets had no organisation at all. They were being used for guard duty, and nothing else, and there is nothing more demoralizing for a lot of men than doing guard under frightful conditions, and nothing else. I started in, and after

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two days, sent in a report as long as a presidential message, asking that more enlisted men be detailed to relieve the guard, that arrangements be made to ship off cadets to preliminary schools if possible, and that if there were any vacancies for non flying commissions in the air service, they be issued to cadets on a competitive examination.

Then I got together the officers, and picked out six assistants who I knew would work and were good fellows, and arranged that the seven of us be excused from regular flying formations. Thus we could work at the cadets and tuck in our flying whenever we had a spare moment. Then we divided them up into organisations of two hundred and fifty and started to lick them into some sort of military shape. Outside of the non-fliers, I now have one hundred and fifty fliers, and twenty navy fliers—known unofficially as the flying fish—and we have got them working out fairly well, tho its a pretty unsatisfactory situation at best. I know if I were a cadet I should feel justified in kicking, if, after being enlisted because I had a college education and was recommended by all sorts of people as good avia-

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tion material, I was used as a guard for an aviation camp with the prospect of flying in four or five months.

The doctor has come in and ordered me to lie down again, so I must stop. I have been a perfect pig about not writing more, and from now on you will see a vast change in the news from me, for I have loved your letters. The trouble is that writing home makes me get gloomy, for then you start looking at the war as a whole,—an impossible system. I have given it up entirely, and take it day by day. The only really satisfactory thing is that flying is wonderful fun on these new machines. I wish you could see them. We can do stunts that you would think were impossible after watching a Curtis wallow along thru the air.

The doctor is in again.

Lots of love, and I'll write again as soon as I'm out of the hospital,

QUENT.

December 18, 1917.

I am in the hospital, the result of a mild case of pneumonia. You see, I have been trailing around here thru mud and cold, and draughty,

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unheated barracks for the last month with a tremendous cold and cough. About three weeks ago it got pretty bad, but as I had lots of work on hand and no one else that I wanted to do it, I kept on going. About a week and a half ago it really began to hit me, and I turned into bed one night with a fever of one hundred and four. There was no place in the hospital—our camp has still slightly elementary sides to it, and so I stayed here in the officers barracks in my room, under the charge of one of the doctors, being fed by the Red Cross, embodied by Miss Given-wilson. I was pretty sick for a couple of days, but now I'm well on the road to recovery. As soon as I am well enough I am to be sent off on a two weeks leave to recuperate, which I will start with Eleanor at Paris. I have written father a long letter just yesterday, so some of this may be repetition.

I am rather sorry to have to leave for so long just at this moment, as both my flying and my other job are very interesting. However, there's lots of war left to go round for all of us, I'm think-

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ing. I wish you could see the flying we are doing over here, though, for it is a revelation to the Mineola educated eye. When I first got over here I wondered why every flier was not killed within the first three months of his flying. Now I have changed so far the other way that I feel as though a man could hardly drive one of these machines into an accident, short of completely losing his head.

We have had very good luck so far on this field, and tho we have had a good many pretty nasty smashes, no one has been killed yet, or even permanently injured. And yet the French monitors make us do all the wild flying stunts that were considered tom fool tricks back home. Formation flying is the prettiest, tho. They send about seven machines up at a time, to practice squadron and formation flying; *vol de groupe* they call it. It looks fairly easy, too, but when you get up in the air trying to keep a hundred and twenty horse power kite in its position in a V formation with planes on either side of you, you begin to hold different ideas as to its easiness.

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I am rather tireder than I thought I was, so I shall stop, and write to you soon again.

QUENTIN.

Friday, Dec. 28, 1917.
Obviously on the train.

I did not write till today, for even tho' I was with Eleanor, Christmas was ghastly. It was the first Christmas I had ever spent away from home in my life, and there was nothing to help it out.

At the moment, I am bounding south to get some warm weather. The prospect is discouraging. I stayed in Paris as long as I could, with Eleanor, and was finally ordered out by the medico. At the last minute two of Eleanor's workers got sick, so she couldn't come, and I am now gloriously ensconced in one of those gilded horrors that the trustful Frenchman considers a "*wagon lit*," trying to persuade myself that a temperature cold enough to make one see one's breath is a pleasant vacation. I suggested a little heat in the car, but the cold hearted lady who rules the car informed that "*c'est la guerre*," a fact of which I was al-

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ready dimly aware,—and then retired to her little stove at the back of car.

I think I have at last managed to pry myself away from that beastly camp. I had it all arranged that I was to go up with an R.N.A.S. squadron, and just at the last moment it was sat on by headquarters, on the grounds that it was not part of their scheme. Their scheme!

—Off the train and at Marseilles—

The trouble with their scheme is that it bargains for a vast development, not to come to the height of its power until next August at the earliest, and, unless I miss my bet, the Bosche is going to do his very best to finish the war, and incidentally, the Americans now in it, this spring. And spring, in the military sense, is fairly close. I've got a hunch that within six weeks or so things are going to be just about as hot up on the front as they have been since the Marne or Verdun. And, consequently, I rather hope I shall be in a French squadron within three weeks. I would have to have ten days machine gun work at Cazeau, but after that—Anyway, I'm dead sick of being in the L. of C., to all intents and purposes as much of an

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embuscé as —, or —. There's one thing—if I change camps at all, after Cazeau, it will be for the front. Once I have got there I shall feel a lot easier in my mind,—for it will be six months since I left you, pretty soon, and for all I have done to help the war I might have stayed at home.

I wish you'd tell the Hon. Pa, that if any of the big bugs happen to be talking of it,—its a darned shame if they cut out fliers extra pay. General Pershing cabled advising it, because the aviation Headquarters is in very wrong with him,—but all that it does is make us the goats because the man higher up made mistakes. Both British and French pay their fliers extra,—the British 68%,—while we only get 25%, which they want to take away. And it's not true that it's easier than the infantry,—look at the number of pilots, and the number of casualties.

• • • • •

"January 7, 1918.

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Next day we took an afternoon off, for I wanted to go to *Notre Dame des Victoires*. I've always intended to, for it's the church to which all

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the *poilus* go just before they return to the front. It really is quite thrilling. You come in, and at first can't see very much, as there's semi-darkness inside. Then as your eyes get accustomed you can make out the people. There were no lights except at the altar,—which was ablaze with candles. Eleanor and I each lit our candle, and then went back to sit for a moment and watch. There was no service going on; it was the middle of the afternoon, and yet the church was full of people,—all come to pray for victory. We sat for a while and then, gradually, I began to distinguish things,—for the brightness of the altar only emphasized the gloom around. All around the walls, in cases, were rows upon rows of medals,—*legion d'honneur*, *croix de guerre*, and others I did not recognise,—in some there were crossed swords, and old flags,—all given in thanks for victory, and safe return from the wars.

January 15, 1918.

After all the excitement, and worrying, and discussing, I am on my way back to my same old

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camp. I don't know how long I shall stay there,—I don't know anything about what is going to be done with me, and nobody else does. I have finally given up, in despair, all attempt to squeeze any definite information out of the casual mob that constitutes our headquarters. The future is crammed with any number of possibilities, most of them highly discouraging. I shall know a little more by to-night, when I have seen Ham and Cord, so I'll either write you again or lengthen this.

Of course I hated leaving Eleanor's to come back to the same dingy old camp, where I'll be cold, wet, and muddy most of the time. And then, Eleanor has been so very nice. You don't know what a trump she is. During this last long stay I really got to know her quite well,—and we had a very particularly nice time playing around and doing all sorts of impossible things. Poor thing,—it's hard being so near and yet so far from Ted. And then, the time when he will begin his very dangerous work is coming very near.

Why, why don't the people at home realise

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what lies before them? I have been reading the papers from the states lately, and it is painful. Our policy seems to be one of verbal camouflage. The little tin-god civilians and army fossils that sit in Washington seem to do nothing but lie,—about German weakness,—which is easy, for they have never been in touch with the realness of German strength,—and about our own strength, which is inexcusable. They've all seen the reports of how things go over here,—and yet they choose to lie, deliberately and publicly, about them. I saw one official statement about the hundred squadrons we are forming to be on the front by June. That doesn't seem funny to us over here,—it seems criminal, for they will expect us to produce the result that one hundred squadrons would have. The one comforting thing is that all the rest of the services are as badly off.

There's one good thing about going to the front—I shall be so busy worrying about the safety of my own neck that I shan't have time to worry about the way the war is going.

I only hope I'll get up there soon—it seems

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such a solution for all sorts of difficulties. You get clear of all the little worries and jealousies that fill up life behind the lines, and you have only the big eventuality to face,—all the others arrange for themselves if you are fighting. And then, I feel I owe it to the family—to father, and especially to Arch and Ted who are out there already and facing the dangers of it, to get out myself.

.
January 17th, 1918.

Things have cheered up a lot since last I wrote you. I knew they would. This place *is* a squalid hole to come back to, and I knew that first day would be awful, and so it was. And so I wrote to you, because I was discouraged and writing you helps. By now, however, I have gotten settled into my work, and there is nothing so narrowing as one's own job. So I have religiously resolved to look at nothing but the immediate future. Of course I know how bad it all is,—but I'm trying to forget it for this little space.

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My leave has shown its effects in my flying. Just before I left I was really doing very badly. Now, however, I am flying really pretty well, and it has become fun again, not work. If I keep on as I am now I shall be ready for the front in three weeks, and then I hope I shall be able to get out. Of course it will be at least a month before I get to the front,—but still it's encouraging to think I'm getting appreciably nearer. The scheme now is to put us up for six months,—by us I mean Cord, Ham and all our crowd who have been working here at the school. Then, if we are still alive, —we will be taken back here to work behind the lines, for six months fighting will use us up pretty thoroly and we will need the rest of work behind the lines. It's a good idea, and perfectly true,—so I have firmly decided not to get shot down during my first six months. I hope the war is over before I have a second ! !

This letter is scrawly and scratchy because it is written on a little wooden bench while I wait for Cord. We are going to dinner tonight and have had about fifteen different delays. ^ I rather expect

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to go out to one of the outlying fields pretty soon, and as Cord is in charge of one, I am arranging to move over to his. So I've been doing a good deal of tearing around.

Camp is a good deal the same as ever,—by that meaning muddy and dingy. A mid-winter thaw has contributed largely to the mud. However, it makes altitude flying a lot easier on us. I have to do a five thousand meter altitude test, so I speak feelingly.

. . . .
Same Old Camp, January 22.

I have loved all your letters, and only wish there were something I could do about the ones I write. I know they are unutterably dull and uninteresting, but somehow, I don't seem to be able to write interesting ones, principally, I suppose, because the things I am doing are not very much different, except as far as the types of planes we are using, from what is being done at any of the camps at home.

I am very busy at the moment finishing up my flying. I at last succeeded in getting permission to

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do nothing but fly, as the doctor said that I would have to be on light duty if I went back to the camp at all. The result has been that for the last week I have flown practically all the time, and am now going to go over to Cord Meyer's field to finish up with my combat work and group flying on machines of a type that are still in use at the front. I expect to have a bully time, and tho I rather hate to be doing nothing at all, yet there is a glorious sense of relief, when you aren't feeling very well, to know that you have no earthly responsibilities except keeping your neck intact when you are flying.

I had rather a hard time with my flying last week, thanks to having been sick, for I had to do my acrobatics, which is rather scary even when you are feeling thoroly fit. As I wasn't I hated to have to get into a machine and go up and do my stunts, for the work they give us here in acrobacy is certainly wicked. They have one that they call a *glissade* that is the fastest thing I have ever run into in my life. You bank your machine up perpendicularly and then with

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your motor turning up at about three quarters speed, so as to keep the nose of the machine up, you slip perpendicularly down toward the ground. Its far faster than a straight nose dive, for you haven't got all the head resistance of the wings to hinder you. I got into it, and after coming down three hundred meters, in it, got over onto my back, and, as I was all mixed up as to my whereabouts, didn't have the slightest idea of where I was or anything. I got down to within about a hundred metres of the earth before I finally did get over onto my right side again.

I will be all right now tho, for I know how to do the various stunts, and I won't feel that I have to do things I don't know anything about. I am going to get to work on them again next week, and get them perfected, for even tho you don't use all of them on the front, they are enormously valuable, because they give you absolute confidence in your machine, and teach you how to get out of any kind of difficulty you happen to get into.

I suppose things are sliding along at home in

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their usual slip shod fashion, and that we are somehow getting our things ready to make some sort of effort toward becoming a factor in the war. It is a little discouraging to us over here, though, to pick up a New York paper and read a statement that the Production Board has put out saying that the work toward getting a fleet of two thousand and ten thousand fliers at the front is progressing very rapidly. Considering the fact that all our flying for the next spring and early summer will have to be done on French made machines supplied to us thru the courtesy of the French government, I wish someone who knew the truth would get up and say what liars they are. I suppose that they consider it satisfactory if we have the two thousand planes by the fall of 1919. The French are beginning to see how much talk there was in a good deal of what we said. They grant us only one thing, good material. For the rest, they are turning back again and making plans to count on us at least six months later than they had expected from what we promised them.

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In Camp, January 23, 1918.

Again a long gap between letters;—I'm afraid that I have lost my former faculty for writing letters. Somehow, when I have any time to myself, I always seem to either have some sort of official correspondence to write, like letters to the adjutant general's office, or else I am just plain tired out, and know the letter would be dull, uninteresting, and probably gloomy.

As you may gather from the heading, I am back in camp again. I left Eleanor's just a week ago. I could have stayed away on leave for two weeks longer,—Major Goldthwaite told me that I ought to,—but just at that moment Warrington came back with the news that Ted and Arch were going up very shortly, so I decided to take a chance and go back here as I was in order to get my training finished, and get out. So I trotted back, and arrived as usual, in a pouring rain storm.

This is really the muddiest country I have ever run across in my life. I don't see why the Frenchmen don't turn into frogs, by natural selection,

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after a thousand years of it. However, the camp is beginning to really get whipped into shape. The flying training has become more or less routine, and the construction is about half finished. When I got back, I was marked unfit for anything except light duty, so I was relieved of all duties other than flying, which was what I had been working for. Naturally, my flying improved about fifty percent, for you can't fly and have your mind on something else at the same time. The result is that I am moving out to the *perfectionnement* school to-morrow, and in three weeks at the outside, will have finished my flying and be ready to go for my machine gun work, and then the front. The French machine gun course at Cazeau takes about ten days, so I think I can count on the front in a month, for they have promised to send me out as soon as I am ready.

I shall have a very good time for the next three weeks too, for the field I am going to is run by Cord Meyer. Consequently it is all arranged that I am to move in and room with him as soon as I get there, and generally have a good time.

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We have evolved a system for giving ourselves a good time when we are not working that goes like a charm. All the planes over at that field are the little monoplane fighters, and consequently very fast. So we have arranged when we have a day off,—and unless there has been bad weather during the week, there is no flying or work, other than the necessary inspections on Sunday,—we go off on voyages. He takes his plane, and I take mine, and we go off to some one of the French landing fields within a hundred or so miles of here. It is good fun, and also good flying practise, for the more time you get in the air, the better you are off, I have decided.

I have just finished up my acrobacy, doing it all in one day. It was rather strenuous, and I don't mind saying that I hope I don't get many more days like that. To begin with, the day before, I had taken an altitude test, going up to four thousand metres, and staying there for fifteen minutes. I did it all right, but thanks to having just gotten over being sick, it got to my lungs rather, and I picked up a bad cough and had

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rather a hard time breathing. The doctor says that I will probably be that way for a month more, but as it doesn't bother me under three thou. and I won't have to do any ceiling work now until I get to the front, I don't particularly care.—The doctor just happened along, and as I am not supposed to stay up after 9.30 at the moment, has packed me off to bed. I shall write again as soon as I get over to the other field. Best love to all the family, and "un bon baiser" to you, mother dear, from

QUENTIN.

Romorantin
January 27, 1918.

• • • • •

I am over at Cord's field now, and will,—with any luck—be ready for my machine gun work in two weeks. After that it's a question of getting myself grafted out of the school—which I think I can manage. The flying is wonderful, tho', with these new machines I don't like it, from the point of view of personal comfort, for the motors are much harder to manage. You have the same

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plane,—practically, with one hundred and twenty horse instead of eighty,—and for some reason the one hundred and twenty motor is much harder to keep running. It's very easy to stall it when you're doing stunts and almost impossible to catch it again. Generally a stalled motor means a landing wherever you happen to be, with these birds. The thing that makes up for it is the power you get. You can climb at the most astonishing rate,—and do perfectly wicked "*chandelles*." A *chandelle*,—in case I haven't told you about one, is a steep climb in a vertical turn. It's very hard to do well, wonderful fun when you can do it, and most important for fighting when you get out there. I am practising a lot on all of them, and getting in about three hours flying a day,—which is about all you can comfortably stand. As it is I'm always glad when I get into my ancient sleeping bag, and settle down for a night's rest.

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In camp, on the 29th of January.

Such a funny, and rather a pleasant thing has happened,—all at once to-day I got a whole lot

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of packages in a lump. I think they must have been missent, or else held at the Post Office thru some mistake. At all events there were all sorts of things. (This, by the way, is being type-written under difficulties, as I have the typewriter on my knees, and no light worth speaking of.) Then there were also three books from you, which I loved. They were detective stories, the last one being the Black Eagle Mystery. I'm wondering now whether you have sent any others, and hope you have. They really made me quite homesick, for there was a sort of undefined presence to them, as of father in the train, and then the catchall. I am forwarding them on to Eleanor when I have finished them, for I know she will appreciate them quite as much as I do. We never get any of that sort of thing over here. The best we can do in the line of home reading is the Sat. Eve. Post,—and even that at times is rather inadequate. So nearly anything, no matter how common it is over home, is a novelty here. Do send me some more books, or magazines, or anything from a blue Ribbon Garage bill up, for I

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very much appreciate the ones I have got—not Garage bills.

At the moment I am doing what I have really wanted to do all along which is finish up my flying. I am at the last stage now, and should be finished in about ten days, or so. We are doing formation flying now, which is a revelation to you after what we did back home. They will detail two men to go on a reconnaissance, make a plan of a camp fifty miles from here, or something like that. Then they will detail another five men to go along in patrol formation acting as escort and protection against Boche patrols. In formation you fly rather the way geese do, in V shape, with the second men just higher than the leader and so on. At first its rather scary, for you have to stick close together, but once you get over that it begins to be amusing, for you have to watch your plane and motor all the time without looking at them,—a rather Irish statement. What I mean is that you have to be able to watch the other men so as to keep your place in line, and at the same time manage your plane. We get the most tremendous

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amount of flying in in a day, for I did three hours and a half yesterday, and over four hours to-day.

I have been having a continual fight with the doctors, tho, and incidentally with myself. The trouble is that I have been getting in so much flying lately that I am tired out most of the time. The net result was that I collected another cough, as my lung wasn't quite fixed up. I had been feeling rather poorly, but I was pretty anxious to get my flying done, so I was keeping on. Then to day, I dropped over to the main camp to see Ham, and there was caught by Major Goldthwait. The first thing he decided, after looking me over, was that I had measles, because I had a cold, and a temp, and there was a suspicious rash on me. I finally persuaded him out of that, and then he turned on the other tack, and said that my vitality was low, and that I was very likely to get something if I didn't look out, and ended with orders for me to go on light duty, and do no work for a week. I don't know what I am going to do about it, for I certainly can't quit flying for a week

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right now, when I am finishing up. In the first place, they are getting ready to send a couple of squadrons up within a reasonably short time, and I am going to have a hard enough time anyway trying to get myself a place in one of them. I think I shall wait and see how things turn out.

In the mean time I am going to bed at the noble hour of eight thirty, which means that there won't be very much more to this letter. I hope that by now you are getting my letters regularly again, after my lapse from virtue,—I have posted them to you in a variety of ways, by French mail, and military mail, so I hope they have started to arrive.

I am enclosing some snow drops that I found over at Romorantin. They reminded me so much of Oyster Bay, and hunting for the first one out in front of the porte-cochere. I suppose that they will be out by the time you get this, if my mail is any indication. At all events, they go to show that, even if I have been very bad about writing, there *are* places I would rather be, and persons I would rather see, than the AEF provides.

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Give my love to all the family; I am writing father
to-morrow. Goodbye, and *un bon baiser*, from,

QUENT.

February 3, 1918.

We all went over to the funeral of those two fellows that were killed. I was flying above it and so I couldn't tell so well. The coffins were escorted by a platoon of American soldiers, and one of French sent out from the French post. Then, flying just above, were two of the French pilots, in the larger machines. They are marvellous pilots, and it was really beautiful to watch them crossing and recrossing over the cortège in beautiful smooth right-angled S turns. Then, just as they were lowering the coffins, another Frenchman dropped down in a long swoop, his motor almost dead,—dropped a wreath on them, and then swung off. All the time we were up above, flying at about five hundred meters, in formation. We had a ten formation, two "V's" of five, circling round and round till it was over. They say that from the ground it was very impressive,—for there, being

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buried, were two fellows we had all known and flown with a few days before,—and round them and over, the planes circling, paying a last tribute.

It takes away some of the bare horror that the two little twisted heaps of wrecked planes and twisted motors leaves. You realise that perhaps, after all, we don't entirely, like the boche, "put our trust in reeking tube or iron shard."

Soon after being detailed to Issodun Quentin met the Normants who were living at Romorantin, and instead of having one "marraine," he found himself with a whole family, grandparents, parents, and grandchildren to accept him. He always referred to the Normants as his "Family in France," and was devoted to one and all. What their friendship and unfailing hospitality meant to Quentin and Ham can never be estimated. Only those who have experienced the whole-hearted generous kindness with which French families greeted the Americans who went over to serve can begin to realize what it meant.

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Romorantin

Sunday, February 16, 1918.

Friday afternoon, we got orders over at our field to have eighteen men ready to go out in a squadron the next morning. Of course when I heard that, I thought "at last, we've got our first squadron going out." So I went hotfoot over to the main camp to see the Colonel and get permission to go out with that squadron. He refused, absolutely,—and of course I put up a tremendous kick. After I'd got all through kicking he said:

"I'll tell you why I do that. That squadron that is going out is merely a political move,—sent so we can say we have a squadron at the front. They haven't even got machines for them yet,—or any sort of an organisation to allow for breakage and spare parts. What will happen to them is that they will move out into a camp that is not yet finished, up in the zone of the advance,—and then sit there for a month, until our organisation can take care of them, when they will probably form not the first squadron, but the

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finishing school staff of the zone of the advance. I am going to keep you back here for that reason, but I will do this. I'll send you out to the front as soon as Meyer gets back, and send you out in a real squadron, either English or French."

So you can imagine how cheerful I am. Cord ought to be back within two weeks, and then I get sent out in his place in a real squadron, with real machines, and men who know something about the game. I rather think it will be a French squadron, as I can talk French. At all events,—cheers!—in about two weeks I'll have stopped being embusqué Quentin.

Things are also rather amusing over at the field now, for besides the eighteen, twenty more were taken out, to be used as instructors, and to learn bombing. Consequently, I have only seven students now, so you can imagine how much flying I am arranging for them. It is the first time that I've really had enough planes to do what I wanted, so I am giving them all sorts of stunt flying and formation work the others didn't have. I'll bet they're better pilots than any of the others when I get thru with them. And all the

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time, I am working on my flying, and watching the calendar till Cord comes back.

I took Ham over here with me this Sunday. We have been intending to do it for a long time, and now that he is plane tester over at my field, I can take him out, on expeditions, as I am in charge of all the planes over there. We had any amount of fun doing it—it's lots more amusement touring the country in a plane if you can look over your shoulder and see some one else sitting up in his machine just over your wing-tip. I knew Ham would love it over here,—and he is having a bully time. We have a great big room, with a bathroom to ourselves,—and altogether, it's civilization again. Its now 10:30 A. M. and we've just finished breakfast, so I hear Ham making a tremendous rumpus in his bath next door, and occasionally hurling some insult at me.

• • • • •

February 17, 1918.

SAME OLD CAMP

Its been quite a long time since my last letter, and all sorts of water has flowed under the bridge

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since then, but I am up against the discouraging fact that I am not sure when my last letter was, so please excuse if I repeat. In the first place, I got your letter, together with ones from father and Ethel, and was particularly glad to get them, especially yours, for it hasn't been pleasant being under the ban, however well deserved it may have been. We haven't had exactly a mild winter ourselves over here, though it hasn't been as bad as it must have been on L. I. After one frightfully cold snap, when we had snow all the time, and flying was most unpleasant, we had nearly a month of delightful weather, almost like spring, but now the weather man seems to have had another relapse, and all the winter clothes and fur lined boots have come out again.

Its rather of a bore, because with the work I am doing now I have to get in a lot of flying of the most uninteresting sort, where I merely take out a patrol of men and try to lose them, or get them so mixed up that they can't show on the map where they have been when they come down again. It means about two hours of straight-

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away flying, with nothing in the world to relieve the monotony of it except twisting about, and trying to find some part of the country within a radius of seventy five or eighty miles that I have not already investigated. Its not so bad when the weather is warm, for you sit back in your plane, and let the controls loose, and think of when the war will end, or what Long Island would look like now, or some other pleasing fiction. But now, there is always some part of you that gets cold. Either its your forehead, or one finger tip, or your feet; but whatever it is, it serves to keep your mind off any more amusing thought. You try your hardest to project yourself out into the fields of speculation, and always after a few seconds you find yourself back up against the one disgusting truth that that particular finger or whatever it is is cold.

February 21, 1918.
Letter No. 1.

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I'm at the moment indulging in the not over satisfactory feeling of knowing that I've done

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what I ought to have done, even tho' it wasn't what was pleasantest. I was given the chance of being permanently—that is for the next three months—stationed at Paris, to deliver planes to the various depots. You see, the heart of the aeroplane industry is Paris,—for all the big factories are there. Consequently, we have American testers, who receive the planes, test them, and then accept or reject them. If they are accepted they have to be flown to their various destinations. I was to be in charge of that particular branch, and to arrange for the deliveries. It would be wonderful fun, of course, for I'd be flying all over France—out to the front as well as to the various schools behind the lines. There would be a certain amount of good experience in it, too, but the trouble is, it's a job for a man back from the front for a rest,—or one who's had a bad crash and lost his nerve. It's no occupation for me who have never been to the front. And so I turned it down, and I've been thinking, rather regretfully, of the good times I might have had in Paris. I would like to get a job testing, tho', for I think that is valuable

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work. I don't think there's much chance of that. A tester is never an *embusqué*, for after all, you can't call a man a slacker whose job is testing planes to see if they're strong enough, and well built enough to stand service. Besides, a tester gets wonderful flying experience, for he flies all kinds of machines, and, in case he gets a machine, that is what the French call "*malréglé*," he has a slight sample of what flying at the front may be like with part of your controlling surfaces shot away.

So, I am still in my old work here, and having a rather amusing time, for I am not exactly sure what I am. I feel a little like the song, "Am I the Governor General, or a hobo,"—for no one, least of all headquarters, can make out just what my status is. I am hanging on like grim death, until I can get sent out to the front. Once I have had my three weeks or so with the French or English, I will have some sort of a foundation to base on, but till then, I'll probably remain an official mystery.

In the meantime, I am getting in all kinds of fly-

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ing, and I think, accomplishing a certain amount in the line of training the new men at the same time. Yesterday I took a group of ten off for a reconnaissance. They all had their maps, and the object was to make them keep formation and at the same time make out from the map where they are going. It's good practice for them, but by way of being dull for me,—so I thought I'd liven it up by doing a couple of *virrages à la verticale*, and generally fooling round the sky. I did that for about five minutes,—always keeping the general direction I was going, but more or less wagging my tail en route, and then looked around for the formation, which should have been following above in two nice "V's" of five. Instead, they were scattered all over the landscape like flies. I stopped doing everything at that, and flew in a straight line, so that gradually they formed up again. Then when I got back I asked what was the matter, and found that they had tried to follow my movements. Of course, it's absolutely impossible, in formation, to do anything like that,—and I told them so. I've also been polishing up

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my acrobacy a good bit lately, so that I can do it without thinking.

February 23, 1918.
No. 2.

Not much news this time, except one rather sad bit. Al Sturtevant has been shot down. I heard it from Bob Lovett. He was patrolling, doing seaplane work, when he had the bad luck to run into a squadron of Bosche planes, out on some sort of reconnaissance. Of course he didn't have a chance. They shot him down,—so thoro'ly that even the plane was totally destroyed, and sank. Poor Al,—he's the first of that bunch whom we knew and played round with, that is gone. Still,—there's no better way,—if one has got to die. It solves things so easily, for you've nothing to worry about it, and even the people whom you leave have the great comfort of knowing how you died. Its really very fine, the way he went, fighting hopelessly, against enormous odds,—and then thirty seconds of horror and its all over,—

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for they say that on the average it's all over in that length of time, after a plane's been hit.

✓ PART II—TRAINING FOR COMBAT

March 7th.

I am down at Cazaux, it's where they teach the Chasse pilots machine gun work, it is interesting and very valuable. From what I can gather about half the game in "chasse" is good machine gun work.

It has been really a kind of vacation to come down here, for although we work pretty hard, it's nice and warm and we are right on the ocean living in a big summer resort hotel. The Colonel was awfully nice about it too, for he said I would still keep my status on the flying staff and be eligible to go out next in line with a French or British Squadron.

Our own affairs are going along about the same. They train pilots and send them up to depots at the front and then leave them there with no planes to fly. You will get all of that from General Wood.

THE WAY OF THE EAGLE

One thing that is making trouble is the fact that we seem to be a door mat for G. H. Q. and the Line. The first they got us on was cutting flying pay—when every other army in the world pays their flyers extra. Then the new service stripe regulations came out, and we got it in the neck again. In the aviation section one has to be six months in actual combat at the front to get a stripe; that means that a mechanic working near the front and bombarded every night has nothing to distinguish him from the Washington embusqué. A pilot has to last six months and they hardly ever keep a chasse pilot up more than three. Also, some one like Ham Coolidge for instance, who is testing planes back at the school and doing dangerous work gets no credit and yet we kill on an average of one a week at the school.

There, my wail is done!

March 7, 1918.
Letter No. 6

General Wood was out here yesterday,—and as he is leaving very shortly, is going to take these

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back with him. So, as this will get to you probably a good deal before my last few, I'm going to repeat myself. To begin with, I'm at Cazaux, at the French École de Tir Aérien. They teach you the machine gun side of chasse work. I was very strongly advised to do it by Colonel Kilner,—as he considers it very valuable training. He also promised to keep me on my training staff status, so that when I get back I can be sent out with either in British or French escadrilles. In the meantime I'm having a most interesting time back here. They start out with explanations of the mechanism and jams in the various types of machine guns. Then after some work on the ground,—shooting at targets,—shooting from boat at targets, and shooting at little balloons, you start in on air work. First there are no guns on the planes and you have to go up a couple of thousand metres, drop over a paper parachute, and then chase it, manoeuvring round it. After that you start, beginning on fixed balloons and ending with a sleeve towed by another plane. In all that work they keep record of your shots, and count the hits

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afterward. It's a three weeks' course, and I do not get finished until the eighteenth, and then, after two days in Paris, I'll go back to Issoudun again. From there, if things work as I hope, I go out with the French or British very shortly. However, I've given up prophesying as to when I'll be anywhere. I went to Cazaux on ten hour's notice.

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March, 1918.

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The only unpleasant part is that the machines here are the most awful old crocks. They have been in service for ages, and have old motors and fuselages and wings that are all warped and bent out of shape. Consequently, the French warn you when you go up, to be very careful to do no sort of acrobacy at all, and not even try any steep dives with them to vertical virages. That's all very well, but they also expect you to follow the parachutes all the time, and make good scores when you are shooting at the machines.

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You get up in the air, and get excited over trying to follow up the parachute, or whatever it is you are trying to shoot at, and you forget all about your machine except as a means of keeping your sights on the target. As a matter of fact one of our fellows was killed just last week, in a machine that was supposed to be perfectly all right. He was doing combat work at about fifteen hundred, when for some reason or other, just as he was straightening out of a dive, his wings folded up on him. Of course he didn't have a chance. He was a Cornell boy, named Hagedorn.

Quentin made an excellent record at Cazaux; his score card was afterward sent to his family, and the note on the bottom reads: "Très bon pilote. Atterrissages très reguliers. Très bon tireur. Esprit très militaire, Beaucoup d'allant."

As we are all living at Arcachon,—incidentally, I've actually got a room and bath at a hotel,—I dine with four or five officers every night, and have a most delightful time. Last night we gave a little

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dinner, to a couple of French aces, back for a month's rest. One had nine, and the other eleven Boche,—so you can see they were pretty good. Things went well,—and they were most interesting, telling about various times they had had. One of them started as observer, was captured, kept in a reprisal camp for five weeks, and finally escaped, via the lines, and across No Man's Land to the French again. After that, he became a chasse pilot! Finally one of them got up, and proposed a toast to America,—with the best speech I've heard in a long time. He has a wonderful gift for the dramatic,—and he finished with, "and gentlemen, when we dine together again, and the war is over, may there be no empty places." That's only a bald attempt at conveying the sense, for it was beautifully done.

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Cazaux, March 12th.

Down here things are very pleasant. We have been having the most glorious weather, warm and spring-like. The result is that they have in-

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creased our hours of work, so that we have to be upon the field from seven in the morning to seven in the evening, with only lunch time out. It makes a pretty long day of it and bed looks very pleasant by 9:30.

Sunday was a half holiday so we went off for an expedition, the Major, Lou Bredin, myself and an English Captain named Ainsley. You would have loved it. We went away across the bay on a little nondescript sort of sloop, which her owner called a *canot*. The bay is closed up at the mouth with a sort of strait with high dunes on each side that go all the way along the ocean up into the pine forests. It's curious country—nothing but sand and pine trees, planted by Napoleon's orders (not the sand). I have flown for miles over it and except for occasional bare patches of sand it's deserted—no clearings, no houses—nothing. Only along the coast there are little fishing villages. We went out to one of them on our sail and stopped to look at a grove of mimosa in bloom. You have seen it of course and know how lovely it is. The whole thing was like an

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artist's sketch book. The men wear blue and brown shirts and red baggy trousers, all toned and softened by salt water, so that there are no sharp edges to the colors. The women too, when they are working at the oyster farms wear the same red trousers. We explored it all—there were fully fifteen houses—and then sailed back and so, like Samuel Pepys, "to bed."

I leave in five days, although what I shall do, or where I shall go, heavens knows !

March 29

Its been quite a long time since I last wrote home, and all sorts of things have happened. In the first place; I have finished up my work at Cazaux, and am back again at the same old camp. I finished up there on the twenty-second and went up for a forty eight hour pass in Paris, hoping to be able to get out to see Arch. I found when I got up there that it was impossible, as he is still in an evacuation hospital in the zone of the advance, and I was not able to get passes to go out there. However I did see Eleanor, who was up

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in Paris, and having a horrid time, because she too had been unable to get out to see Arch. She had tried pulling every string she could, and the general opinion was that it would be impossible to do it, and that if she did do it this time, it would be the last chance she would have. She talked it over with Doctor Lambert, and also with several people who had just seen Archie, and they all agreed that his wounds were not serious enough to warrant that. As she said, it is a good deal better, if she is only going to be able to do it once, to wait until a time when one of us is very seriously wounded and needs her more. Also, they are expecting to move Arch into Paris very shortly, and so she will see him and be able to look after him as soon as he gets up there. She has gone down to Aix again, leaving word that as soon as it is definitely known when Arch is to be moved, she is to be telegraphed so that she can come up to him.

As a matter of fact I was rather glad to get away from Paris, for the offensive was starting, and it wasn't much of a time for playing around,

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or doing anything at all but getting back to one's job. There's no use talking about the offensive because it will be all past history by the time you get this, and also because we don't know anything about it down here. The one thing we do know is that our chasse planes are being held up now by a new shortage—machine guns. They have so far got only enough for the first squadron. The other squadron is doing decoy work—a most profitless occupation to my mind. They are sent out over the lines escorted by two French planes with machine guns. The object is to get the German to attack them. Then they leave for home in a hurry and let the Frenchmen look after the Boche. It seems foolish to have to work that way, but we can't choose. They've done one rather delightful thing though. As you know, each squadron on the front has some special insignia. Guynemer's, for instance, was the Stork, there are the Leopards, the Indians, and lots of others. The poor souls who have to go across without machine guns have adopted a decoy duck, with one leg stuck out stiffly in front as if it

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were doing a goose step. They have got it painted on all their planes.

I am at the moment in charge of training at the finishing field here, and expecting my orders any day. There is no vacancy at the present, as we have no planes, but I am to be sent up as soon as there is any. All schemes of going up in French squadrons and such have been disarranged by the offensive, and I rather doubt if they will start working smoothly again until the offensive is finished. In the meantime, Ham and I are sitting here, doing our work from day to day with an eye on the mail each morning, and a hope that it will have orders. In a way I'm not so sorry, for it has given me the chance to get out of a streak of bad flying that I had gotten into. I think it was the result of the landing field at Cazaux, complicated with not feeling awfully well. When I got back to this part of the world again I started in with a very heavy cold, and had to turn in for a day or two, as the doctor thought I was going to get another attack of pneumonia. Then when I started to fly I found that, either as a result of

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that or as a result of a landing field at Cazaux that is as smooth as a billiard table, my landings had all gone to the bad. I smashed one plane up beautifully when I started out. It was really a very neat job, for I landed with a drift, touched one wing, and then, as there was a high wind, did three complete summersaults (spelling?) ending up on my back. I crawled out of it with nothing more than a couple of scratches. So now I'm flying most of the time, getting into practise. I've got to go now, as there is a plane out *en panne* that I have got to locate. Lots of love to all the family, from

QUENT.

March 30, 1918.
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I've flown a certain amount because, being in charge of training, I've had to decide whether it was fit for flying. It's quite amusing to fly in very windy weather. Yesterday when I cut my motor to come down, I found I was making almost no headway against the wind. So I came down turning over about a thousand, and feeling

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as if I were in a delivery cart on a cobble stone road. She slapped and thumped on the gusts of wind like a flat bottomed boat in a sea. Altogether, flying for me has been amusing. Yesterday before coming over here it rained until five in the afternoon. Ham and I had almost given up the idea, when we noticed the clouds beginning to separate. I said try it anyhow, and so we started. It was funny flying weather. We went thru the first set of clouds at about three hundred metres. Then there was clear air for about a thousand metres, with only occasional banks, and finally a solid ceiling at about thirteen hundred. So we took the middle flying fairly high and watching for the ground between clouds to see where we were.

I had a most unpleasant time of it just at the end, for I was really scared, and its the only time I have been, in the air. We were just about five miles from here, and I was getting ready to nose her down and come thru the clouds to land when for some unknown reason I began to feel faint and dizzy. I'm free to confess that I was scared, good and scared. However there was nothing to

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do except trust to luck, so I nosed her down, and went for the landing. As luck would have it,—I happened to have just hit it rightly, and I came in on that glide with only a couple of S's to slow me up. I was mighty glad, tho, when I got on to good, solid ground again."

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Sunday, April 6, 1918.

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Ham and I are planning a big party very shortly. We are both going to take the seven day leave which the army gives us every four months,—only we are going to take it by plane. We'll probably cruise all over the map,—drop in and see Eleanor at Aix les Bains, and generally have a marvellous time. Don't you think it sounds like good fun? The one draw back is that my plane looks like a Liberty Bond ad. The mechanics in the hangar said that they were going to arrange a little surprise for me during the four rainy days that we've had,—and they lived up to their word. They've got a huge American shield with white

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wings stretching across the top plane. Then running round the fuselage they have two spiral red and blue stripes ending in a little circle with the American insignia right back of the cockpit. Even the wheel covers are painted up. The net result is that wherever I land the plane collects a large crowd instantly. I'm getting some pictures taken of it, and if they're any good I'll send them to you. Its *v.* sporty.

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April 15, 1918.

Please excuse this very spurious paper, for I have been too busy to get away from camp during the last week to get any more respectable variety.

Things are beginning to hum here at the school. For one thing, we hear that they are not going to send any more pilots over from the states for the present, which is about the first sensible decision that they have made as regards the Air Service. As it is they must have about two thousand pilots over here, and Heaven knows it will be ages before we have enough machines for even half that num-

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ber. Not one of the bunch that were at Cazaux with me have got out to the front yet, and there doesn't seem to be much chance of their doing so in the immediate future. It seems an awful pity, too, for with the way things are going on the front now, I can't help but think that all the pilots that can be handled ought to be sent up there in French and English squadrons if we can't provide the machines for them ourselves. Still, the Major says that he is certain that they will not let anyone go up with the French, as the last pilot that we sent up there only got as far as Paris and was then held up on account of the offensive.

I wonder if they are hearing all the news about the offensive back in the states, and if they realize how serious it is. I'm rather afraid of talking about it, first because I am a little leary of the censor, and next because, being in the rear as we are, I doubt if we know as much even as you do in the U. S. A. All we do know is that its a mighty serious business, and that its our business to get into it as soon as possible. In the meantime I am working my hardest trying to get the

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students that go thru here as well trained as possible, and incidentally flying myself a lot.

I am getting my air work down pretty well now, for I don't think there's any sort of a stunt that I haven't tried. Ham who is here testing, goes up with me every day for combat work, which is most interesting. The other day he came over in a new type of plane, that they are just putting in on the front, and we had a bully time with it. I went up in mine, which is of course specially taken care of by the mechanics and we chased each other around for about a half an hour.

I just got a note from Arch to say that he was doing finely, and also hear from the papers that he has been moved to Mrs. Reid's hospital in Paris. I am going to fly up there next Saturday, if its decent weather, and spend Sunday with him. Its about a hundred and fifty miles, and I can make it in about an hour and a quarter. Eleanor is already up there with him, as I just got her telegram asking when I could get up there to see him.

I have just gotten one piece of news that is very bad, if true. It is that Cord is reported

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missing. I have been over in the Major's office all day trying to get official confirmation of the rumor, and as yet have succeeded in hearing nothing about it. I don't see how it can be possible, for he was as good a pilot as any I have seen here, which means as any in the U. S. A. S. So I'm still hoping.

Do you remember when you sent me this poem?* It was two years ago, in a clipping in one of your letters. I remember loving it then, and its rather curious to run across it again, so I am sending it on to you, as I have a copy I made of the other. This seems a rather short letter, but we are all so full of the offensive over here that it doesn't leave much room for anything else except "shop" in our heads. I'm so glad father is getting all right again. Lots of love to Ethel and Co. and to you especially, from your loving,

QUENTIN.

May 4, 1918.

Its been perfect ages since I last wrote to you, and I've got a variety of reasons for not having

* "Christ in Flanders."

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done so. The one real one is that I had one hand laid up in an accident and aside from that haven't been feeling decently for quite a while now. It started a little while after I got back from Cazaux. I had been feeling all overish for quite a while, and then one day when I was off on a voyage my motor blew up on me, and I had to come down for a forced landing. As luck would have it, some fool people got in my way, just as I was coming in to land, and as between hitting them or crashing, I took the latter, and hung myself up nicely in some trees. I reduced the plane to kindling wood, and got out of it myself whole but rather battered. Among other odds and ends, I had a bad wrist which reduced my epistolary efficiency. That in itself wasn't anything particular, but it was part of a vague general uncomfortableness. Ham and I talked things over, and found that we both were about in the same fix. It boiled down to this, that we both were heartily sick of the work we were doing, and that we wanted to get out to the front, or anywhere away from this mud ridden hole. I had got to the point where even the sight

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of a flying student filled me with loathing. It is rather hard to teach men to fly, and send them on thru the school, when you can see no future in sight for them. I knew that the men we were sending thru would just be sent to a gunnery school, and then have to hang around goodness only knows how long until there were any planes for them to fly. And knowing that it was awfully hard to get up any enthusiasm for a job, which I hated anyway. The long and the short of it was that Ham and I both decided, independent of the other, that we were stale. So I went to the Major and asked him if he could not arrange to have Ham take a leave. He said that on account of the offensive, leaves were being discontinued, but that he would allow Ham to take a plane on a cross country to Paris. So he sent for Ham and told him this, whereupon Ham told him some long song and dance about me, resulting in our both being sent off with our planes for a six days' rest in Paris. Don't you think that was pretty nice of him? It made the most tremendous difference to me, for now I am back here again, and tho I

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don't like the work, yet I do see how useless it is to kick about it and not do it, when there is no chance to go out to the front anyway. The Major has promised us anyway that as soon as any bunch goes out to the front he will see that our names are on the list.

Eleanor is up in Paris now looking after Archie so I stayed with her and naturally had a bully time. She really has been a perfect trump about the way she has taken care of all of us. As a matter of fact, neither she nor I think Arch is very well. He is very thin, and is in the horrid position now of not knowing what is going to happen to him. It will be about five months, so the Major at the hospital says, before he will be fit for active service again, and the question is what to do. Myself, I can't see why he wasn't sent back to the states as soon as they evacuated him from the Z of A. As it is, he is in the hospital, getting better slowly. I think he would have been much better off if he had been sent back to the states to convalesce.

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May 4, 1918.

There are some nice things about aviation, really. It seems to be the one part of the war in which brother Boche has the instincts of a sportsman and a gentleman. Of course the service is as full of wild stories as a boarding school, and this one I'm not sure about,—tho I think its so. After Guynemer was brought down a Boche flew over his squadron's airdrome and dropped a letter saying that his funeral would be on a certain date and that four Frenchmen would be given safe conduct to land on the German field and attend it. They accepted it, and flew over, landed on the German field, were received by the Germans, attended the funeral and then went back. It's rather a fine thing if true, and I do know for certain that they know where Guynemer's grave is, so it may be true. Then just shortly ago, Baron von Richthofen the German ace, was brought down by the English. They buried him with full military honors,—three French aces and three English aces for his pall bearers. It must have been most im-

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pressive, the French and English soldiers standing to attention as they lowered him into his grave while the English chaplain read the burial service over him. All those are the little things that will make up the traditions of the service after the war's over. And it is a nice thing to know that the things that you are to some extent a part of will be the traditions of the service. That and the certainty that there will be plenty of war left even when I get up there, helps to make Issoudun a little more bearable.

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May 12, 1918.

Its been perfect ages since I wrote to you, and again I'm ashamed of myself, but I am also ashamed of my mail from the states, for I haven't gotten a single letter from there of more recent date than the third of April. I don't know what has been happening to them, for most of the other people here have gotten them as recently as the eighteenth. I hope they weren't sunk.

I've got uncommonly little news that's worth

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the repeating. To begin with, I am still back at the same old place, and with no more definite prospect of getting out. Thank goodness, from what we can get in the papers, General Wood seems to have tried to give the people some idea of just what their wonderful aircraft production board has accomplished for them with its six hundred and twenty five millions and its glorious prospectuses. I only hope that it isn't too late to get things rolling over there. This certainly does look as if we were in for a good long run of it, doesn't it? Arch and I were discussing it, in the cheerfully ignorant fashion in which everyone does who is over here, and we don't think there's a chance of their being beaten for a year and a half more. Or rather, we don't think it will last thru more than one more winter. But of course, I'd have said the same thing last fall. They can certainly put over an offensive when they make up their mind to, in spite of "insufficient man-power" and all the rest of that line. The one thing that we've heard that has pleased us in the aviation is that their new monoplane

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Albatross was a wash out and that they have gone back to the old D3 which was so successful. If we have the D3 we know what we're up against.

I've loved all your letters, for they say what's going on really,—not what ought to be going on, if—

May 27.

I've just been up in Paris again and so naturally I'm full of news. Just last week the Major called me in and said that he knew I knew a good many French aviation officers, consequently if I could persuade one of their squadron commanders to apply by name for me and Ham (!) he would see that the request was O. K'd. by our headquarters and that we were transferred up there. You can imagine how Ham and I felt! Its just what we've been trying to do for ages. So with the help of Capt. Pelissin, who composed the letter, I wrote to Capt de V—— who commands a group of 4 Spad squadrons. We asked him to apply for Ham and me at once. Then the Major, as he knew of this, sent me up to Paris on Sunday to deliver some important papers that had to go

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by hand. His idea was that while in Paris I could go to the French aviation HQ to arrange about it which I did.

I put in one whole busy day chasing from one office to another soft soaping all sorts of French officers, with "*Oui mon Capitain,*" and "*parfaitement, mon commandant*" until I began to feel rather like a phonograph with only one record. However, I think I got something out of it,—for at least two of them have agreed to inform me the instant any action is taken.

Arch is getting along splendidly. For a while I was quite worried about him, but now he seems to be in very much better spirits, and his wounds are improving right along. I had all kinds of fun with him, for we lunched together both days that I was up there.

Paris is wonderful fun now. Everyone who had left when the bombardment started has returned, and the boulevards are crowded. The gun shoots still at intervals but its a most discouragingly anti-clim— (It isn't what you think it is!)

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

PART III—THE FLIGHT

Cablegram

Paris

June 8th.

MRS THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Moving out at last with Ham very glad love
to all

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

June 8, 1918.

I've had so much happening to me, tho, in the last ten days, that I have not had time to think even, which is just as well. Ham and I had almost begun to think we were permanently stuck in Issoudun, when with no warning, we were ordered up to Orly, which is just outside of Paris. No one knew anything about the orders, and Ham and I felt sure that it meant our first step out to the front. Once the orders came, tho, we only had twelve hours time to settle everything up and leave. You can imagine how we hurried, with all the goodbyes to be said and packing, and paying bills. I thought we never would get away, but

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finally it was thru, and we got in the truck and started to leave for the main camp to get our clearance papers. Then they did one of the nicest things I've ever had happen. Our truck driver instead of going out the regular way, took us down the line of hangars and as we went past all the mechanics were lined up in front and cheered us goodbye. As we passed the last hangar one of the sergeants yelled, after us, "Let us know if you're captured and we'll come after you." So I left with a big lump in my throat, for its nice to know that your men have liked you.

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June 18, 1918.
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At last, almost eleven months after I left the states, I'm doing what I came over here for, out at the front. Its all different from what I thought, too, for I am not with the French at all. You see, while we were down at Chartres telegraphic orders came in for us to report at once to the First Pursuit Group. That is an entirely American outfit, except for the planes of course, Ham and I

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have been chased about so much that we didn't really believe we'd be put in a squadron when we got here, but there were no two ways about it, and so we started out via Paris to comply with our orders.

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I had a fairly eventful run out here, chiefly because the motorcycle developed a passion for punctures. After my third in ten miles, I said just exactly what I thought of the motorcycle as I got to work repairing it. Just as I stopped talking—I had no idea there was a soul within miles, I heard a voice behind me say "Priceless old motor-bike,—what!" I looked up and saw one of those long, angular Englishmen, with that thoroly blank expression which they use to *camoufle* a sense of humor. He had appeared out of a path behind me and had apparently absorbed my comments, anent motorcycles as I talked to it. I had a pleasant discussion on things in general with him, the net result being that I dropped round to his quarters and had a drink of Scotch before moving on. He was a very good sort.

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Late in the afternoon I arrived here, to find myself assigned to the 95th Aero Squadron. The one drawback is that Ham is assigned to the 94th. However, we work together and have adjoining barracks, so things aren't as bad as they might be. Otherwise everything is fine. I took a half hour ride yesterday to get used to my plane, and somewhat to the sector. Then later on I went out on a patrol just up along the lines, to, as they put it, get used to being (loathly split infinitive) shot at by the Archies. It is really exciting at first when you see the stuff bursting in great black puffs round you, but you get used to it after fifteen minutes. To-morrow I'll be working in Germany as my flight is on for *reglage* planes' protection. So far there are very few Bosche in the air,—but as the B. infantry staged quite an extensive little hate yesterday (The French for hate is a *coup de main*, by the way) we think they may liven things up. There are lots of Americans up here,—and we think they may want to smash them up.

I'll write to-morrow, when I've been over and

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turn in an official report of my first visit to Germany.

June 25

Its been five weeks since I've heard from any of the family, so I feel sure I must have committed some horrible crime and be in deep disgrace. From my thoroly black conscience I can find any number of explanations but the one I feel guiltiest about is that this is the first letter I've written in three weeks. There is some excuse tho' for I have moved all over France in that length of time.

I wish some one who did know something about flying at the front would go back, just to talk for a while with the designers and builders of the Liberty Motor and plane. Its going to be a long time before that thing gets to the front, and tho' I'm not crazy about the bus I'm flying I'd be much more comfortable in it than I would in a Liberty if I had to go across the lines. They have no right to send the things over here, tell the people in the states how wonderful they are,

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and then to expect us over here to work with them when each flight shows some new defect to be remedied. Of course they're all minor defects, but still they've been flying the planes over here for a month and yet she's not ready for the front yet.—

My last letter to you was written from the French concentration camp at Chartres, but as I know that mail forwarded to me there never reached me I don't trust the out going mails either. At all events after being ordered from Issoudun to go up with the French, and having put in a week at their concentration camp I was ordered back to the Americans again, this time to go up with the first pursuit group. Of course I was tremendously pleased, for I know all the bunch up here, and anyway its much nicer to be with Americans.

I am now a member of the 95th Aero Squadron, 1st Pursuit Group. I've been having a most interesting time, too. I've been up on the front now for about two weeks. Its such a change after Issoudun to be out and really doing some-

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thing. Where we first were it was rather a quiet sector and we generally had to go across the lines before we picked up any Boche, but just yesterday we were moved down into a hot sector quite near Paris, and from all we can gather there are Boche here all the time. I've had about six or seven hours over the lines so far, and I'm just beginning to get an idea of what goes on around; at first you don't see the Boche at all but gradually you begin to get on to them. I can see a certain amount now of what's going on. I've not got any combats as yet and the best I can show for myself is a hole where an archie went thru my wing. The real thing is that I'm on the front—cheers, oh cheers—and I'm very happy.

I'll write again day after tomorrow, after our first patrol of this sector, and tell you what its like. Lots of love to all the family, and a separate special kind to you.

July 2nd, 1918.

Even tho this is an active sector I haven't had much excitement as yet. Yesterday they kept

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us pretty busy, tho'. In the morning we went out for a patrol along the ceiling and spent two hours of cruising up and down the line without seeing anything. Then in the afternoon the infantry had a show arranged, in the shape of a 2×2 kilometre push on a seven kilometre front. That means of course a great deal of *reglage* and photography work, so there was a lot of chasse work to be done, what with protecting our own biplanes and keeping off the Boche. We were scheduled to fly on the low level, at twenty-five hundred metres, to intercept any enemy photographers or *reglage* planes. There were two more patrols above us, one around four thousand and one up along the ceiling, keeping off their chasse planes. We didn't run into any of their planes, but there was enough doing down below to make up for it. We were too high to make out any infantry but everywhere the artillery were working. The seven kilometres of attack ran from a wood on past a couple of small villages and ended up in a fair sized town. They were shelling hard all along it and one of the villages was in flames.

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You could see the white puffs where the shells landed and then when the smoke cleared away, the round crater that they dug in the ground.

Altogether there was lots doing, and I was glad I was comfortably above it all, with no worries but two cold fingers and a bad magneto. When we got in we found that tho we hadn't seen any Boche the top flight had—and then some. There were ten of them, and they got into a free for all with nine Fokker biplanes. They had bad luck with machine gun jams, and the Boche made it pretty hot for them. Two of them aren't back—tho they may have landed inside our lines,—and they accounted for two and maybe three Boche. One man got back here with his plane so shot up that it was nothing short of a miracle that he escaped. He had one centre section shot away, and to hit it the bullet must have gone within an inch of his head. The whole fuselage, and one gas tank are riddled with bullets, and as the Boche use explosive bullets, that fellow can thank his stars. I'm writing this in the hangars as I'm on *alerte*, but so far no Boche

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have been reported. I go on again from six to nine to-night, and as that's their pet time I have hopes. There's nothing in the world duller than waiting in the hangar for an *alerte* that doesn't come.

July 6, 1918.

Yesterday our flight officer was sent out to patrol at thirty-five hundred metres over about a ten kilometre sector where some sort of straightening the line action was going on. Our orders were not to cross the line, or fight unless forced to. For about fifteen minutes we chased up and down, up and down, with no more excitement than scaring a few *reglage* planes back into Germany. I was busy watching below us—I was flying right—when I saw our leader give the alert signal. I hadn't seen anything below, so I looked ahead and there up about a thousand metres, on the German side I saw a patrol of six Boche. We started climbing at once, and I was having a horrid time, for while the rest of the formation closed

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in I dragged farther and farther behind. I have a bad motor, so that when the rest hurry up they leave me. There I was, with only the slim consolation that the leader was probably keeping his eye on me. We climbed on, and I did my darndest to keep up and at the same time keep an eye on the Boche who remained comfortably on top. The next thing I knew, a shadow came across my plane, and there, about two hundred metres above me, and looking as big as all outdoors was a Boche. He was so near I could make out the red stripes around his fuselage. I'm free to confess that I was scared blue. I was behind the rest of the formation, and he had all the altitude. So I pushed on the stick, prayed for motor, and watched out of the corner of my eye to see his elevators go down, and have his tracers shooting by me. However, for some reason he didn't attack, instead he took a few general shots at the lot and then swung back to his formation. Our only explanation is that he didn't want to fight in our lines,—he had every kind of advantage over us. Lord, but I was

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glad when he left. When I got back they decided to pull my motor, so I was given another plane for this morning, which belongs to a fellow who's sick.

We went out on patrol again, this time at five thousand and started over across, hunting for trouble. A couple of kilometres inside the line we spotted six of them about a thousand metres below us. We circled and came back between them and the sun, and dove on them. They never saw us until we started shooting so we had them cold. I had miserable luck—I had my man just where I wanted, was piquing down on him, (he was a monoplane) and after getting good and close, set my sight on him and pulled the trigger. My gun shot twice and then jammed. It was really awfully hard luck, for I couldn't fix it. The feed box had slipped, so she only fired one shot at a time, and then quit. I did everything I could, but finally had to give up and come home, as we were about fifteen kilometres their side of the line. As the papers put it, tho', "a successful evening was had by all." We got three of

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them— They weren't the circus of course. We lost one man, tho', and we aren't sure how. We rather think his motor must have gone dead on him, and forced him to land in Germany. So things are looking more interesting around here, and I've had my first real fight. I was doubtful before,—for I thought I might get cold feet, or something, but you don't. You get so excited that you forget everything except getting the other fellow, and trying to dodge the tracers, when they start streaking past you.

July 11, 1918.

There's lots doing in this sector. We lost another fellow from our squadron three days ago. However, you get lots of excitement to make up for it, and nearly every patrol we run into some of them. We've moved again, this time only ten kilometres. It's a much smaller field than the other, but it's nearer the front by those ten kilometres, and the other was really too big for us. Also, I like my quarters much better. I'm

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billetted in a little French town near the field. I room with Ed Thomas, our transportation officer, in a delightful room. It's in one of those white, plaster houses with tile roofs that sag in between the rafters, and an impossible weather cock on the chimney that doesn't work as there's a sparrow's nest in between its legs. The room is on the ground floor,—with a window on each side, one where you can watch everything that's going on in the street, and the other looking out on a garden that's all in bloom. Its spotlessly clean, with red tiled floor, and a huge grandfather's clock ticking solemnly in the corner.

The old lady who owns the house is equally delightful. She's a little bit of a dried up person, at least as old as the hills, with gold rimmed spectacles, the red cheeks that all these country folk have, and a beard that even — might be proud of. At first she regarded me with deep suspicion, but I've now succeeded in winning her over. She thawed a little when she found I talked French—but the thing that won her over completely was her dog. When I first came in I was greeted

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with furious barkings and growlings. By a strong mental effort I succeeded in showing no outward and visible signs of my inward and spiritual doubt, and walked on past him. That night, as I was sitting reading the old lady appeared and with her the dog, who solemnly advanced, wagged his tail, and then put his head on my knee to be patted. After that the old lady and I became fast friends and now I am Monsieur Quentin and a privileged person. Among other things she told me that she had had German officers quartered in her house in 1870 and then again in 1914. Think of it.

I got my first real excitement on the front for I think I got a Boche. The Operations Officer is trying for confirmation on it now. I was out on high patrol with the rest of my squadron when we got broken up, due to a mistake in formation. I dropped into a turn of a *vrire*—these planes have so little surface that at five thousand you can't do much with them. When I got straightened out I couldn't spot my crowd any where, so, as I had only been up an hour, I decided to fool

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around a little before going home, as I was just over the lines. I turned and circled for five minutes or so, and then suddenly,—the way planes do come into focus in the air, I saw three planes in formation. At first I thought they were Boche, but as they paid no attention to me I finally decided to chase them, thinking they were part of my crowd, so I started after them full speed. I thought at the time it was a little strange, with the wind blowing the way it was, that they should be going almost straight into Germany, but I had plenty of gas so I kept on.

They had been going absolutely straight and I was nearly in formation when the leader did a turn, and I saw to my horror that they had white tails with black crosses on them. Still I was so near by them that I thought I might pull up a little and take a crack at them. I had altitude on them, and what was more they hadn't seen me, so I pulled up, put my sights on the end man, and let go. I saw my tracers going all around him, but for some reason he never even turned, until all of a sudden his tail came up and he went down in a *vrille*. I wanted to follow him but the

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other two had started around after me, so I had to cut and run. However, I could half watch him looking back, and he was still spinning when he hit the clouds three thousand meters below. Of course he may have just been scared, but I think he must have been hit, or he would have come out before he struck the clouds. Three thousand meters is an awfully long spin.

I had a long chase of it for they followed me all the way back to our side of the lines, but our speed was about equal so I got away. The trouble is that it was about twenty kilometers inside their lines, and I am afraid, too far to get confirmation.

At the moment every one is very much pleased in our Squadron for we are getting new planes. We have been using Nieuports, which have the disadvantage of not being particularly reliable and being inclined to catch fire.

The victory recounted in this letter was afterward verified by the French, and duly credited; but the verification was not recorded until after Quentin had fallen.

CHAPTER III

THE LAST PATROL

Oyster Bay, July 17, 1918.

"Quentin's mother and I are glad that he got to the front and had the chance to render some service to his country, and to show the stuff that was in him before his fate befell him."

"On July fourteenth the French were to celebrate and asked us to contribute a number in a theatre in a nearby town, so I appointed Quentin Roosevelt to get up the entertainment. He raked up all the musical talent,—the French are very fond of American ragtime and banjos—and the night before he came into my room and sat on my bed, telling, with a great deal of humor, of what he had done. The next day at noon I called up to arrange about getting his party into town when I heard he was reported missing."

When Quentin failed to turn up, Hamilton Coolidge, who was serving in the 94th Squadron,

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and Philip Roosevelt, who was Operations Officer of the First Pursuit Group, left no stone unturned to learn his fate. The inevitable crust that hardens one who is daily meeting death was but small protection to them against the blow. Coolidge wrote:

DEAR MRS. ROOSEVELT—

July 16

In this awful period of suspense when we don't know whether Quentin is dead or alive I feel that the best thing I can do is to tell you in detail the circumstances of his disappearance. On the morning of the Fourteenth a report came in to Quentin's squadron, which was the one on duty at that time, that Boches were crossing the lines in the north eastern part of our sector. Accordingly a patrol of nine men, Q among them, set off to find the Huns. Just over the lines they encountered a Boche patrol of seven. The wind was blowing into their territory and the air was hazy even above the "ceiling" (a solid layer of clouds) which lay at about two thousand meters altitude. The Boches at once started retreating

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and a running fight began. This soon developed into a series of individual combats during which the patrols became broken up. The combats did not take place at very close range as the Huns had no desire to fight. They succeeded however in drawing our men further and further into their territory. The combats finally ceased and the men all made for home individually, groping their way through the clouds and mist largely by aid of their compasses. No one remembers having seen Quentin after the shooting began, but this is entirely natural. Several of the men lost their way or were forced to come down for gasoline soon after recrossing the lines; it is quite likely that one of these things happened to Quentin. Capt. Philip Roosevelt yesterday interviewed an observer who distinctly saw an allied plane descend "piquing sharply, but *not* in flames and apparently under control." The place and time he gave corresponded exactly to those of Quentin's combat, so it is safe to assume that it was he. The fact that his plane was neither spinning nor in flames as it came down makes me believe that

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he landed safely. There are many good reasons why he should have been "piquing sharply"—perhaps to escape from pursuers in superior force, perhaps again, because he was wounded and wished to land before becoming faint. I have talked to the men on his patrol and almost all seem to think that he is a prisoner and was not shot down.

Everything possible is being done to find out news of Quentin, but at this critical time reports do not come through or receive confirmation very rapidly. Of course you will hear through the Associated Press any news that may develop, much more quickly than I could cable it, but you may be sure that I shall forward to you immediately any information which may have escaped the notice of the Associated Press correspondents. I have packed all Quent's things and sent them by truck to Mrs. Ted Roosevelt, 39 Rue Villejust, Paris, where, God grant he may find them again before long.

Affectionate regards to you and Mr. Roosevelt—
HAMILTON COOLIDGE.

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Months later, shortly before his own fate overtook him, he wrote:

"Death is certainly not a black unmentionable thing, and I feel that dead people should be talked of just as though they were alive. At mess and sitting around in our quarters the boys that have been killed are spoken of all the time when any little thing reminds some one of them. To me Quentin is just away somewhere. I know we shall see each again and have a grand old 'hoosh' talking over everything together. I miss him the way I miss mother or the family, for his personality or spirit are just as real and vivid as they ever were."

Lieutenant Edward Buford, Jr., was also reported missing, but landed safely on a French aerodrome. He had seen Quentin's last fight, and described it in a letter to his family, written several months later:

FATHER DEAR:—

Sept. 5th, 1918.

You asked me if I knew Quentin Roosevelt. Yes, I knew him very well indeed, and had been

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associated with him ever since I came to France and he was one of the finest and most courageous boys I ever knew. I was in the fight when he was shot down and saw the whole thing.

Four of us were out on an early patrol and we had just crossed the lines looking for Boche observation machines, when we ran into seven Fokker Chasse planes. They had the altitude and the advantage of the Sun on us. It was very cloudy and there was a strong wind blowing us farther across the lines all the time. The leader of our formation turned and tried to get back out, but they attacked before we reached the lines, and in a few seconds had completely broken up our formation and the fight developed in a general free-for-all. I tried to keep an eye on all of our fellows but we were hopelessly separated and out-numbered nearly two to one. About a half a mile away I saw one of our planes with three Boche on him, and he seemed to be having a pretty hard time with them, so I shook the two I was manouvering with and tried to get over to him, but before I could reach them, our machine

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turned over on its back and plunged down out of control. I realized it was too late to be of any assistance and as none of our other machines were in sight, I made for a bank of clouds to try and gain altitude on the Huns, and when I came back out, they had reformed, but there were only six of them, so I believe we must have gotten one.

I waited around about ten minutes to see if I could pick up any of our fellows, but they had disappeared, so I came on home, dodging from one cloud to another for fear of running into another Boche formation. Of course, at the time of the fight I did not know who the pilot was I had seen go down, but as Quentin did not come back, it must have been him. His loss was one of the severest blows we have ever had in the Squadron, but he certainly died fighting, for any one of us could have gotten away as soon as the scrap started with the clouds as they were that morning. I have tried several times to write to Col. Roosevelt but it is practically impossible for me to write a letter of condolence, but if I

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am lucky enough to get back to the States, I expect to go to see him.

Two days after Quentin fell the following German communiqué was intercepted by our wireless:

"On July fourteen seven of our chasing planes were attacked by a superior number of American planes north of Dormans. After a stubborn fight, one of the pilots—Lieutenant Roosevelt,—who had shown conspicuous bravery during the fight by attacking again and again without regard to danger, was shot in the head by his more experienced opponent and fell at Chamery."

Not long afterward a German official bulletin was found on a prisoner:

Group "Jeporen" (name of the general?)
General Command Headquarters.

Ic?—The Intelligence officer, in the name of the General.
No. 128185.

Army Corps Headquarters,
the 24th of July, 1918.

Edition including even the Companies, except those which are just now on the first lines, and which will be only mentioned after their relief.

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Sheet of Information, No. 10.
from the 21st of July to the 23rd of July, 1918.

THE SON OF FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, ROOSEVELT, FOUND DEATH IN AN AERIAL FIGHT ON THE MARNE

At the time of a struggle between a German pursuit squadron of seven machines and twelve American pursuit aviators above the Marne, a fight took place between the German pursuit pilot non-commissioned officer Greper and an American pilot. After a long fight, the German flyer succeeded in bringing down his gallant antagonist.

The hostile airman had been killed by two bullets in the head. He was identified by his papers as Lieutenant Roosevelt, of the U. S. A. Flying Corps.

A clipping from the *Kölnische Zeitung* obtained through the Spanish Embassy gave this account of the fight:

"The aviator of the American Squadron, Quen-

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tin Roosevelt, in trying to break through the air zone over the Marne, met the death of a hero. A formation of seven German aeroplanes, while crossing the Marne, saw in the neighborhood of Dormans a group of twelve American fighting aeroplanes and attacked them. A lively air battle began, in which one American in particular persisted in attacking. The principal feature of the battle consisted in an air duel between the American and a German fighting pilot, named Sergeant Greper. After a short struggle Greper succeeded in bringing the brave American just before his gun-sights. After a few shots the plane apparently got out of his control; the American began to fall and struck the ground near the village of Chamery, about ten kilometres north of the Marne. The American flyer was killed by two shots through the head. Papers in his pocket showed him to be Quentin Roosevelt, of the United States army. His effects are being taken care of in order to be sent to his relatives. He was buried by German aviators with military honors."

The German pilot who shot down Quentin

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Roosevelt told of counting twenty bullet-holes in his machine, when he landed after the fight. He survived the war but was killed in an accident while engaged in delivering German airplanes to the American Forces under the terms of the Armistice.

The funeral services held by the Germans were witnessed on July fifteen by Captain James E. Gee of the 110th Infantry, who had been captured, and was being evacuated to the rear. Captain Gee passed through Chamery, the little village near which the plane crashed to earth. He thus describes the scene:

"In a hollow square about the open grave were assembled approximately one thousand German soldiers, standing stiffly in regular lines. They were dressed in field gray uniforms, wore steel helmets, and carried rifles. Officers stood at attention before the ranks. Near the grave was the smashed plane, and beside it was a small group of officers, one of whom was speaking to the men.

"I did not pass close enough to hear what he was saying; we were prisoners and did not have

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the privilege of lingering, even for such an occasion as this. At the time I did not know who was being buried, but the guards informed me later. The funeral certainly was elaborate. I was told afterward by Germans that they paid Lieut. Roosevelt such honor not only because he was a gallant aviator, who died fighting bravely against odds, but because he was the son of Colonel Roosevelt, whom they esteemed as one of the greatest Americans."

On July 18, in the great allied counter-attack, the village where Quentin fell was retaken from the Germans, and his grave was found by some American soldiers. At its head was a wooden cross, on which was printed:

Lieutenant Roosevelt
Buried by the Germans.

Following the custom that sprang up in the heroic soil of the air-service, the broken propeller-blades and bent and scarred wheels of the plane were marking his resting-place.

Near by lay the shattered remains of the air-



From a photograph by E. T. Parker

THE GRAVE AT CHAMERY

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plane, with the seventy-six "wound stripes" which Quentin had painted on it, still to be seen.

The engineer regiment of the division that had retaken Chamery marked the spot where the airplane fell, and raised a cross at the grave with the inscription:

Here rests on the field of honor
Quentin Roosevelt
Air Service U. S. A.
Killed in action July 1918.

The French placed an oaken enclosure with a head-board reading:

Lieutenant
Quentin Roosevelt
Escadrille 95
Tombé glorieusement
En combat aerien
Le 14 Juillet 1918
Pour le droit
Et la liberté.

A young American officer in a letter to his family thus described the arrival of the tribute from the French:

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"Oh yes,—one little episode of the other day might be of interest. I was back of the lines on a truck, in search of kitchen utensils and other things for the men, when down the road came a big open truck loaded with something which looked like a gigantic wooden bed—perhaps twelve feet long and eight feet wide. At the head of it there was a large shield, and above this a carved wooden cross. Did I not know the French idea of homage to the dead, I would not have recognized what it was. As we went by, I looked at the shield—in large carved letters I saw the words 'Quentin Roosevelt.' You see he is buried not far to our rear. It was a bit of French tribute, for, to these people, there is no man like Roosevelt. They still talk about him, and their eyes snap whenever his name is mentioned. He commands their profound respect: they consider him their friend; this was the only way they could show it."

Many very beautiful letters were written to Quentin's father and mother by those who visited the grave; from them three have been selected.

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The first is from Bishop Brent, the second from a lifelong friend of the family, Doctor Alexander Lambert, and the third from the Reverend C. A. White of Chicago:

Chamery 14th Aug. 1918.

I am standing by Quentin's resting place where he lies on the Field of Honor. I came up on duty near Fismes and learned quite by accident that we would pass by the grave. It is at the bottom of a shell scarred slope. The cross is supported by the shaft of his plane, and the twisted wheels are against the brick fence. There is a reversed rifle at the foot, at the head behind the cross a trench knife. There are some little tributes on the grave—one from Evangeline Booth. It is a month today since Quentin flew to his fate. Dr. Macfarland is with me and we said some prayers for him and for all of you. There are two soldiers of the —— Division here who fought over this very ground and drove the Germans across the river. We are still in the zone of action and the storm of battle is raging, though all is peace-

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ful at this spot. Tonight I am to be with some of our chaplains at a dressing station.

C. H. B.

"I do not know if any one has told you of the kind of country around Chamery, the little village four hundred yards from which he is. It is seven to eight miles North of the Marne directly north of Jaulgonne on the river just above a swinging curve of the road above Cierge. The country is a rolling grassy open hilly place, with only here and there small patches of woods. Last Tuesday I found some one had planted some pansies on the grave and there were other flowers. Evidently some one is looking after the place carefully, because no faded flowers collect there.

"Two months ago I went there to find the place and took with me Colonel Elliot of the British Service. We were still fighting in Fismes a few miles north. A Field Hospital stood on a ridge a mile away and troops were going steadily north along the road through Chamery to Fismes. I walked through a harvested oat field with little



From a photograph by F. T. Parker

CHAMERY

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purple flowers scattered through it. I gathered handfuls and so did Elliot, and as we stood by the stone which marks the place where the machine struck, some fifty feet from the grave, we saw coming up the side road a staff officer on horse back, and along a path worn out across the field from the main road, trudged a line of American soldiers from the battalion halted in the village on their way to Fismes. The boys picked flowers on the way and stood in a group around Quentin's grave, and laid their flowers where we had lain ours. Elliot exclaimed: 'That is the real American spirit, an unconscious and loyal tribute to what both the boy and his Father have stood for.'

"It must be some comfort to realize for how great a cause Quentin laid down his splendid personality."

A. L.

Chicago Oct 30 1918

I am not sure that I do either of you a kindness in sending you this letter. If it is a mistake on my part charge it to the feelings of a father

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who has a son "somewhere in France." A few weeks ago I motored some miles from the then Vesle battle front to the grave of your son Quentin. I believe it would be a comfort to you both if you could see his noble resting place in the soil of France as I saw it. The day was beautiful. Sunshine everywhere. A company of boys in khaki march past, eager, active, on their way to the front. There are no other marked graves near. The very isolation and the immediate calmness of the scene seemed to me splendid. Yet the roar of the guns along the Vesle front could be heard. Captive balloons both Boche and Allied floated lazily along the battle line a few miles away. Air planes whirred overhead and now and then one with the sinister black Iron Cross of the Hun on it shot across the sky. A noble burial place it seemed to me for a brave American like your son. The grave is in the midst of a broad rolling country, at the foot of a gentle slope which beyond the grave drops rather sharply to a more level field. The view in every direction is practically unobstructed for several miles ex-

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cept by the near sloping hill side. As of course you know a simple fence incloses the grave, some simple plants, I think a few faded flowers, all indicative of the loving thoughtfulness of some one. Here where he fell doing his whole duty your son sleeps in the bosom of France. It is a brave place to rest after one's work is done, peaceful now that the battle front has rolled back to the Aisne. Nature is busy making this great battle field beautiful again. She is growing grasses around the edges of shell holes, and scattering some blood red poppies here and there. Your hearts would find a great peace I am sure if you could just see where your boy sleeps.

C. A. W.

Don Martin thus described the scene in a despatch:

"Word that the grave of the young lieutenant had been found spread rapidly. An American division was encamped near by at the time. It would be difficult to estimate the number of Americans who have made the pilgrimage to the grave

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since it was located. It is about five hundred feet off a small, slightly used road, on a little ledge of earth overlooking a gorgeous panorama. Paths have been worn to the grave from a half dozen different points—worn by American soldiers, who are still walking sometimes five and six miles just to see the spot and pay reverence to the young American who to serve his country entered the most dangerous branch of the service."

Quentin's death called forth many editorials that flamed forth genuine feeling. Three have been chosen, two American and one French. The first is from the Boston *Transcript*:

LIEUTENANT QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

"Not with evil intention, but doubtless in accordance with what they regard as chivalrous, the Germans have dropped upon our advance lines in France what is nevertheless a poisoned dart, for it is the news that Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt is indeed dead. This word will bring poignant sorrow to millions of Americans. And the sorrow will not be merely sympathy for the

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distinguished family now bereaved of its youngest son, its Joseph and its Absalom; it is sorrow of the people's own, who find in this brave youth the type and representative of their own dearest attachments. It is the fortune of Theodore Roosevelt to dramatize many sentiments and qualities dear to the people—the home spirit and the home treasure; service and sacrifice for country; and the hopes and aspirations that are common to us all. The people therefore feel the death of young Roosevelt, typical boy of all our boys, in a manner tenser than if they were mourning merely with another.

"Just a boy, for he was not yet twenty-one years of age, following or side by side with his brothers, all of them, young Quentin Roosevelt went, seeking the most daring service; and first of them all he has fallen to his death. The country simply stands shoulder to shoulder with the heroic father, who says, 'A great fight and a good death; trust him, he would not fail.' Pride, but a tender pride; a kind of high rejoicing, but with tears in it, especially tears for the devoted

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mother; for a thousand bereavements exactly like it march hand in hand with this bereavement, and it is the forerunner of many more thousands yet to come. All our boyhoods are in Quentin's today; he is the volunteer of all our volunteers:

“He leapt to arms unbidden,
Unneeded, over-bold;
His face by earth is hidden,
His heart in earth is cold.

Curse on the reckless daring
That could not wait the call,
The proud fantastic bearing
That would be first to fall!

O tears of human passion,
Blur not the image true;
This was not folly's fashion,
This was the man we knew.”

The second is from Reedy's *Mirror*—St. Louis:

THE ROOSEVELTS

“How everybody's heart goes out to Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt in sympathy over the death of their son Quentin! The outburst of affec-

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tionate expression has been finely spontaneous. And the way the Colonel takes the blow only intensifies the popular admiration for him. Nothing is in it of theatricality. The parents bow to inexorable fate in a gracious simplicity of proud sorrow or sorrowful pride. The Colonel stands out, in the affliction that has befallen him, with a finer glory than ever. He's an American—a man. How cheap and mean the aspersions upon him for criticising the conduct of the war! Well it became General Pershing to send him a special cable about Quentin, and the President to wire his condolences. The Colonel would be the last man to say his boy, as such, deserves any more honor than another for doing his duty. Quentin lived and died his father's creed of sacrificing service. He died fighting with seven enemy planes, fell in the enemy lines—as we all knew a Roosevelt would. And two other sons are among the wounded. What argument such lives and such a death lend to the creed of the true American! The boys justify their father's gospel and career before all the world. And we

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think of gallant, modest Quentin as typical of all Americans, as the flower and fruit of the patriotism a lax generation first awoke to at his father's call, before war had come and death begun its revel. He stands for all the fallen upon whom no public glory falls. And the Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt seem to gather and give off our pity to fathers and mothers all unknown who have made the same sacrifice. They take the blow standing. They say it is well their dear one dies that liberty may live, that force and fraud may be destroyed in world-affairs. Colonel Roosevelt has been given much by the people in a score of years, but now they give him their tears, their heart of heart; they are drawn into oneness making these parents' grief and pride their own. In these gloom-glory hours the Roosevelts serve their country and their kind in high fashion. And when they prayed, thousands who never prayed before said 'Amen' to their resignation to the Divine Will. Again the Roosevelts bound their people in oneness of spirit about the altar where bled their ewe-lamb. And Quentin rests in Ger-

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many by his people's orders, lives in death 'possessed of fame that never shall grow old.' "

The last is from *Le Temps*, Paris:

TEL PÈRE, TELS FILS

"La mort héroïque du capitaine aviateur Quentin Roosevelt, fils de l'ancien président des Etats-Unis, ajoute une nouvelle page de gloire et de deuil à l'histoire de l'amitié plus que séculaire qui unit l'Amérique et la France, dans une magnifique confraternité d'armes, pour la défense du droit éternel et des libertés du monde.

"Le président Roosevelt, dont la vie publique et privée fut toujours un admirable exemple de courage libéralement prodigué au service des plus nobles causes, est un des hommes d'Etat qui ont le plus efficacement contribué au rapprochement de toutes les forces morales de l'humanité sur le champ de bataille où va se décider l'avenir de la conscience humaine. Tout de suite il a protesté contre l'agression qui a déchaîné la guerre et qui, par la violation de la neutralité de la Belgique, a

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donné, de prime abord, la mesure de l'immoralité de l'agresseur.

“Si l'ancien combattant de Cuba n'est pas venu lui-même, comme il le désirait, prendre sa place au milieu du combat et, selon sa coutume, au plus fort du péril, c'est que des obstacles plus puissants que sa volonté l'ont retenu aux Etats-Unis où d'ailleurs il ne cesse de servir, par tous les moyens en son pouvoir, la cause à laquelle il a sacrifié de tout cœur ses plus chères affections. Il nous a donné ses quatre fils, tous engagés volontaires, tous animés de la plus belle émulation d'héroïsme et inspirés des hautes pensées dont la tradition paternelle a illustré leur foyer natal. L'un d'eux, le plus jeune, déjà cité à l'ordre pour une série d'incomparables prouesses, vient de tomber au champ d'honneur. Un autre est blessé. . . .

“Puisse la grande âme du président Roosevelt trouver dans cette épreuve la consolation et le réconfort que voudrait lui apporter notre amitié fraternelle! Il sait, il a souvent dit, mieux que personne, combien la beauté du sacrifice libre-

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ment consenti est féconde en bienfaits pour les générations qui viendront, après nous, recueillir les fruits de nos efforts et de nos souffrances. Ceux qui furent les héros d'une juste cause et les martyrs d'un idéal ne cessent pas d'être présents à la mémoire des siècles et d'agir par une incessante résurrection qui multiplie à l'infini la vertu de leurs actes. Ainsi vivra parmi nous le capitaine Quentin Roosevelt, aimé des frères d'armes qui furent les témoins de ses exploits, honoré des hommages doux et tendres de sa patrie qui le pleure avec fierté, entouré de l'amour de la France qui a recueilli ses reliques sacrées et qui veillera pieusement sur sa tombe glorieuse.—G. D.”

It is fitting to close this chapter with these four personal letters:

Paris July 23rd, 1918

MY DEAR COLONEL ROOSEVELT:—

Perhaps you will like to know of a tribute paid you and your son Quentin.

Beside my other work here, I have been going to the Neuilly hospital every morning for two

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hours to distribute American newspapers to the wounded just arrived from the front. It is a terrible and touching sight. The wards are already so full that all the halls are lined with men on stretchers waiting to have their wounds dressed. They are splendidly brave and uncomplaining and pathetically eager for home news. Yesterday morning I had given away all my New York papers and had only the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* left. At the end of a long hall I found a man apparently asleep. His head was hanging over the edge of the stretcher and I put a pillow under it to ease his position. When he opened his eyes I asked him "where he had gotten it" as the question is put among them. "Oh ! it ain't much I have, lady—" he replied—"just through me hips and somewhere in the back." Then he saw the paper and his eyes lit up. I gave it to him and lighted a cigarette. He said "Gee ! but that's swell" and then as his eyes followed the head lines of the paper—"Hell ! they got the President's son !" There was no question between us of who *was* or *had* been President, no

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need to question his or my patriotism.—War, I find, strips the unessential from our lives and speech.

Very sincerely yours,

LAURA KELTON OWENS.

A deeply appreciated personal letter came from Baltimore:

November 19th.

MY DEAR COLONEL AND MRS. ROOSEVELT:

This is a very old lady writing you, but I feel sure I have that which will be of interest, as it is an incident relating to the dear boy who sleeps on Flanders Field.

We were in a camp up in the White Mountain region, had just been celebrating a reported victory, and as a veteran of the sixties it fell to me to tell some of my experiences, as a northern woman, in the south. We had had a great camp celebration and just finished the national anthem, when some one stepped up on the platform and told us Quentin Roosevelt had made the "supreme sacrifice." There was an instant hush, as though

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every heart there was lifted in prayer, when out from the back of the hall stepped a young woman bearing a big flag, singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee." All joined in singing it through, then silently with bowed heads passed out into the night, each to his own quarters.

Words cannot convey to you the solemnity of the tribute to the brave young soldier. There were some of us who recalled him as a little laddie in the streets of Washington. There were none who failed in the tribute, or forgot the sad hearts at Oyster Bay.

Most loyally, sympathetically and lovingly,

MRS. L. B. LAIR.

A letter from Captain Philip Roosevelt, Operations Officer of the First Pursuit Group, closed thus:

"... and manner of his death, I would rather have died as Quentin did than any other way. It was a critical day in the war. Quentin was taking part in a military mission of an importance

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which could not be exaggerated, protecting a photographic airplane fifteen kilometers in the enemy lines. This mission was successful and the photographs established beyond a doubt that the enemy must attack within twenty-four hours for one could see the seventy sevens being placed in position in open fields and far back of the lines the reinforcements already marching up to fill the holes which were to be made in the enemy ranks. Quentin lost his life, and it makes his personal loss no less hard to bear to know that he died at a supreme moment, but it does leave behind a tremendous inspiration for the rest of us."

The Reverend John B. Stoudt of Northampton, Pa., wrote:

"My brother Lieut. Frederick M. Stoudt served abroad during the war in the Motor Transport Corps, and was stationed most of the time at Verneil, France, at the Reconstruction Park 772, where he had charge of a department in the Sheet Metal and Welding Shop. Towards the end of the war he had upwards of two hundred German prisoners working in his department. He tells of

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a young German officer, quite intelligent, who delighted in discussing the war, and who would ask many questions about America and our entering into the war.

"This young officer told my brother the following in substance, concerning the effect upon the Germans at the falling of your son Quentin. That when he fell the fact was heralded throughout the German army, and throughout the Central powers. That photos of his grave and his wrecked plane were published and exhibited profusely far and wide. That the German authorities believed it to be good propaganda, with which to hearten both the soldiers and the people at home. But that it had the opposite effect and produced as far as they were concerned a negative effect or result. That no sooner had Quentin fallen but that it was whispered from ear to ear, from trench to trench. That in it one could see how in free America everybody was fighting. That though America was in the war only for a short time, the son of an American President, engaged in one of the most dangerous lines of service, was lying

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back of the German lines, while their country had been at war three years and that neither the Kaiser, nor any of his sons were ever so much as scratched. That it gave the soldiers a vision of the democracy of America, and helped to deepen the feeling that they, the common soldiers, were only cannon fodder for the Kaiser. That it made real to them the difference between autocracy and democracy, of which they had heard so much. That this feeling spread like wild fire, not only throughout the army, but also among the people at home. That those elements in Germany that were opposed to the war seized upon it and enlarged the suggestion. This young officer declared that in the judgment of many this was the largest single factor in the breaking of the morale of the German Army."

CHAPTER IV
OFFICIAL JUDGMENT
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

France, July 27th, 1918.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt,
Oyster Bay, Long Island,
New York.

MY DEAR COLONEL:

Since my cablegram of July 17th, I have delayed writing you in the hope that we might still learn that, through some good fortune, your son Quentin had managed to land safely inside the German lines. Now the telegram from the International Red Cross at Berne, stating that the German Red Cross confirms the newspaper reports of his death, has taken even this hope away. Quentin died as he had lived and served, nobly

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and unselfishly; in the full strength and vigor of his youth, fighting the enemy in clean combat. You may well be proud of your gift to the nation in his supreme sacrifice.

I realize that time alone can heal the wound, yet I know that at such a time the stumbling words of understanding from one's friends help, and I want to express to you and to Quentin's mother my deepest sympathy and friendship. Perhaps I can come as near to realizing what such a loss means as anyone.

Enclosed is a copy of his official record in the Air Service. The brevity and curtness of the official words paint clearly the picture of his service, which was an honor to all of us.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN J. PERSHING.

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GENERAL HEADQUARTERS

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

July 26, 1918.

MEMORANDUM FOR: The Adjutant General, A. E. F.

SUBJECT: Official Record of 1st Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, Air Service.

1. Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt landed Liverpool August 8th 1917, assigned Issoudun August 17th, assigned School Aerial Gunnery Cazaux March 1st 1918, to duty Officer in charge Training Field seven Issoudun March 24th, to duty Orly May 31st Chartres June 11th Toul June 13th Colombey-les-Belles June 21st, assigned to 95th Aero Squadron Toul June 24th, duty Chartres June 25th Toul July 6th Touquin July 13th, reported missing July 17th, confirmation by German Red Cross of death in aerial combat July 22nd. Confirmed by International Red Cross from Berne, Switzerland, July 24, 1918 as follows:

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"International Red Cross wires that German Red Cross confirms newspaper reports Quentin Roosevelt's death in aerial combat further details lacking—King Godson."

2. Lt. Quentin Roosevelt during his whole career in the Air Service both as a cadet and as a flying officer was a model of the best type of young American manhood. He was most courteous in his conduct, clean in his private life and devoted in his duty. As an Officer he had the best interests of the service always at heart, performed his duty no matter what it was, whether agreeable or not, always to the best of his ability and without question or remark.

3. After completion of his training as a pilot he was selected on account of his efficiency as an instructor and had charge of one of the most important flying instruction fields. His great desire and hope was to be allowed to get to the front. This opportunity was not practicable for a comparatively long time on account of his expert services being more needed as an instructor.

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4. When the order assigning him to duty with a squadron finally came on June 24th he lost no time in reporting and arrived just in time to take part in the last great enemy offensive where the combat work by his squadron was most strenuous and aided materially in the success of the battle.

5. Lieutenant Roosevelt had already brought down one enemy plane and had aided the squadron in a number of fights against large enemy air formations where the American units dispersed the enemy and brought down a number of their aircraft. His work during these combats was exceptionally good, his endeavor being the success of the squadron rather than to get individual airplanes to his personnel credit.

6. His loss was deeply felt by his flying comrades in the squadron as well as by all officers and soldiers with whom he had ever come into contact.

R. O. VAN HORN,
Colonel, Air Service,
Asst. Chief of Air Service.

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AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

France, August 23rd, 1918.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt,
Oyster Bay, L. I.
New York.

MY DEAR COLONEL ROOSEVELT:

Believing that you and Mrs. Roosevelt would want complete information as to where your son rests, I requested that there be prepared an official report, accompanied by photographs. These have just reached me and I am enclosing them to you.

The manner in which Quentin's comrades have marked and sheltered his grave shows how much they loved him, and this must offer you and Mrs. Roosevelt some consolation in the great sacrifice you have made.

Again expressing my regret over the loss of this splendid young soldier, and my sympathy with you, Mrs. Roosevelt and the family, I am, my dear Colonel Roosevelt,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN J. PERSHING.

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Washington, le Sept. 21, 1918.

AMBASSADE
De La République Française
Aux Etats-Unis.

MY DEAR COLONEL:

All those among us, in whatever walk of life, who have lost a son in the present war, receive as a memorial to be preserved in the family, an engraved statement, testifying to the fact that their child gave his life for the great cause.

The President of the French Republic hopes you will permit him to consider that a similar loss has brought you even nearer to our hearts than ever before, and he has instructed me to transmit to you and to Mrs. Roosevelt the same token as is received by the bereft fathers and mothers of France.

In accordance with the directions of President Poincaré, I forward you at the same time as this note, a case containing that document, and I enclose herewith a letter to you from President Poincaré.

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As for me, I need not say what I feel in fulfilling this duty; I knew Quentin as a child, and one could easily discover in the child the man that he would be. Millions of long lives will have been forgotten when his memory will still be fresh among us as in his own country.

Believe me, my dear Colonel,

Most sincerely yours,

JUSSERAND.

Présidence

de la

République

Paris 3rd Sept. 1918.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT:

Do you kindly allow me to send you, in memory of your gallant son Quentin, the same diploma as to the parents of the French officers and soldiers who died for freedom? I charge our friend, Mr. Jusserand, to deliver you, with this letter, that token of admiration.

Believe me, sincerely yours,

R. POINCARÉ.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

Q. G. A., le 5 Septembre 1918

le Général DEGOUTTE

Commandant la VI^e Armée Française

à Monsieur le Président ROOSEVELT

MONSIEUR LE PRÉSIDENT,

Sur le territoire reconquis par la VI^e Armée entre la Marne et l'Aisne, avec l'aide des vaillantes troupes des Etats-Unis, nous avons voulu donner aux braves, morts glorieusement pour la défense des Droits de l'Humanité, une sépulture qui permettra aux familles qui les pleurent de reconnaître le lieu de leur dernier repos, et à ceux qui recueilleront le fruit de leur héroïsme, de venir, dans les années qui suivront la paix victorieuse, leur apporter le tribut de leur reconnaissance profondément émue.

Parmi les plus glorieuses tombes, où se feront ces pieux pèlerinages, sera celle de votre fils, le Lieutenant Aviateur Quentin Roosevelt, héroïquement frappé en plein vol, en effectuant une patrouille de protection au-dessus de la Forêt de Ris, le 14 Juillet, le jour même où la France

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célébrait l'anniversaire de la conquête de ses Libertés.

Elle se trouve près de la Ferme de Reddy, dépendant de la Commune de Coulonges—Je vous envoie la photographie qui en a été prise.

J'ai tenu à y déposer personnellement une couronne pour rendre hommage à la mémoire du jeune héros.

En vous adressant ce pieux souvenir, permettez-moi, Monsieur le Président, de vous exprimer de tout cœur la part que je prends au deuil cruel qui vous frappe.

Le Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt est héroïquement tombé en terre française pour le triomphe de l'idéal commun de nos deux Pays, dont la vieille amitié devient de jour en jour plus étroite en se scellant du sang si noblement versé, côte à côte, sur les champs de bataille.

DEGOUTTE.

LE GÉNÉRAL PÉTAIN

MONSIEUR LE PRÉSIDENT,

18 Juillet 1918

J'apprends la mort glorieuse de votre fils, le capitaine aviateur Roosevelt, tombé au front de

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France en combattant pour la cause de la liberté.

Si votre douleur peut avoir quelque adoucissement, vous le trouverez certainement dans ce fait que votre fils a trouvé une mort héroïque en combattant sous les plis du drapeau Américain que la France entière salue comme le symbole de la victoire certaine.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur le Président, avec les sincères et vives condoléances de l'Armée Française, l'assurance de toute ma sympathie.

CH. PETAIN.

SG
GRAND QUARTIER GENERAL
Des
ARMÉES FRANÇAISES DE L'EST

ETAT-MAJOR

Bureau Du Personnel
(Decorations)

ORDRE No 12,027 "D." (EXTRAIT)

Après approbation du Général Commandant en Chef les Forces expéditionnaires Américaines en

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France, le Maréchal de France, Commandant en Chef les Armées Françaises de l'Est, cite à l'Ordre de *L'Armée*.

Lieutenant Pilote Quentin Roosevelt, à l'Escadrille Américaine 95:

"Excellent pilote de chasse, possédant les plus belles qualités de courage et de dévouement, Le 10 Juillet 1918, après un combat contre 5 avions ennemis, a abattu un de ses adversaires. A été tué-glorieusement au cours d'un combat aérien. le 14 Juillet 1918."

Au Quartier Général, le 29 Novembre 1918

Le Maréchal De France,
Commandant en Chef les Armées Françaises de L'Est,

POUR EXTRAIT CONFORME:

LE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL,
CHEF DU BUREAU DU PERSONNEL

(Signature illegible)

PETAIN.

From the *Naval Institute* of July, 1919:

"The only French war craft named after a citizen other than of France, is the torpedo-boat

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destroyer *Quentin Roosevelt*, named recently as a mark of respect to the late ex-president and his son. The destroyer is the former Russian *Buiki*, which has been taken over by French naval authorities and renamed. She was rechristened last September. The *Quentin Roosevelt* was turned over by the Russians to the French because their navy was at that time short of men and they were unable to man her."—*Institute*.

CHAPTER V

"THE JUDGMENT OF HIS PEERS"

HDQRS. FIRST PURSUIT GROUP

AIR SERVICE—AMERICAN E. F.

December 21, 1918.

DEAR COLONEL ROOSEVELT:

On going through our files preparatory to demobilization of the First Pursuit Group Headquarters, the enclosure (a report locating Quentin's grave) was discovered, having been caught with some other papers and filed away by mistake. As the information requested was later given officially in another letter, it is not necessary for us to forward the enclosed indorsement, and I thought that perhaps you might be interested in having it, as it is signed by one of Quentin's great friends, Lieut. Hamilton Coolidge, who, as you know, was subsequently killed in the Verdun Sector on October 27th.

It is needless for me to say that Quentin's loss

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was mourned by everybody in the Group. He was one of the most popular officers in the organization, being liked by everyone, officers and men. I know of no one who really enjoyed life more than he did. He always entered into the spirit of everything, whether it was work or pleasure. The day he was killed, he was in charge of an entertainment we were giving to assist in celebrating the French National Holiday, July 14th, and at the rehearsal given the night before, was the life of the party, inspiring everybody with his enthusiasm. That night he came to my room, and I shall always remember his sitting on my bed and describing to me in his inimitable manner, the programme that he had laid out.

He and Captain Coolidge reported to the First Pursuit Group when we were in the Toul Sector, and both explained that they had been boyhood friends for the past eight years and wished to get into the same Squadron. There was a vacancy in two Squadrons so the Commanding Officer assigned Quentin to the 95th and Lt. Coolidge, as he was then, to the 94th. Both became Flight

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Commanders in their respective Squadrons. Capt. Coolidge felt his loss very deeply, and often spoke to me about him. The day Capt. Coolidge was killed, October 27th, he stopped in my office just as he was leaving on his last patrol, and spoke then of Quentin. I recall now his saying that he wished Quentin could have survived to have been with him at St Mihiel-Verdun offensive, in which this Group had been so successful. Coolidge, as you know, had become an Ace, and had eight official enemy airplanes to his credit. Killed, almost under the shadow of the Armistice as it were, his loss was deeply felt by everyone.

Very sincerely yours,

HENRY L. LYSTER
Captain, Air Service U. S. A.

DEAR MRS. ROOSEVELT:

July 30, 1918

It seems almost incomprehensible that Quentin is really gone. At every turn something reminds me of him. This afternoon I walked in a quiet wood where Q. and I walked and chatted together only a few days before his death. I

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could almost hear his voice but still there is an awful empty feeling inside. Quent was such a complete person—not a mere friend who is interesting in some particular way—he was interesting and lovable in every way. No one I ever knew had so many friends from so many different types and conditions of people.

I am trying to write a little sketch of Quentin since his coming to France, in the hope that I may be able to tell you some things about him which you would never have learned from his letters. This will not be finished for a while yet, as it is necessary to write in between times and in the midst of distractions. Also, my ability to express what I feel makes it hopelessly inadequate; still I shall do my best, as I do so want you to know about some of the things that boy has done here.

Quentin's daring has left a profound impression on all of us. I remember once at Issoudun, when after making a bad landing and narrowly missing a ditch, he told me that he had a "horrible sinking feeling," but when it came to facing live Boches

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in superior number far inside their lines, and each armed with two deadly machine guns, the "sinking feeling" did not figure at all. Too many pilots find a "miss firing motor" or "leaking water connection" an excuse for avoiding proximity to Boche planes. Quentin, however, found the presence of enemy planes an excuse for temporarily overlooking the inferiority of his own apparatus. His aggressive spirit has made a deep impression throughout our Air Service, and I find in Quentin's death, I won't say a vindication of Mr. Roosevelt's attitude towards our War programme, but a factor which gives his words redoubled force. One heard occasionally, about a year ago, these words, "Yes, the Roosevelt boys are all going across, but you can be sure they'll be given staff jobs." Strangely enough several of the people who made similar remarks have found that they are temperamentally better suited to be instructors at the Aviation Schools, rather than mere pilots at the front.

I am enclosing a letter from one of Quentin's former mechanics. It arrived a few days after

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his death and is typical of the way every one of those boys felt toward him.

I feel that I share with you and Mr. Roosevelt the thrill of pride that was given us by the circumstances of Quentin's splendid victory, and of his even more splendid death, and I ask you to accept my deepest sympathy at so sacred a loss.

Affectionately yours,

HAMILTON COOLIDGE.

HAMILTON COOLIDGE'S SKETCH

On the trip across Quentin busied himself most of the time in becoming better acquainted with the officers of his detachment, many of whom he previously knew but slightly. He was thoroughly enthusiastic about the job ahead; his enthusiasm was fundamental, and seemed to me distinct from that of many of his comrades who apparently acquired theirs in the much talking and speculation that accompanied the after dinner smoke. Even his worst spells of homesickness did not dent it, though his natural cheerfulness changed to black gloom on that tedious trip.

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Often we walked together in the evenings on the unlighted decks, and always the conversation developed into reminiscences of the events so fresh in our minds. . . . Never was he sorry for himself. Almost never did he speak of the dangers ahead of him, and then only in a most casual way. Once in a great while he wondered "Shall I ever come back?" but far more often it was "I wonder how long it will be before we come back." His attitude seemed to be fatalistic. He went on the principle that he was on an adventure in which a definite object was to be obtained. When that object was obtained he was coming back. If some accident befel him in the course of it, that was something he could not foresee—then why worry? Quentin did not begrudge the fact that war was going to demand his best efforts, that it would place him in great personal danger. The only thing he begrudged was the inordinate amount of precious time that it would occupy. . . .

Upon arriving in France on August 14th, Quentin was sent directly to Issoudun to take charge of transportation, and for a while supplies also.

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The camp then consisted of little more than a half dozen army tents, and Cord Meyer was about the only one of his old friends then with him. All I knew of Quentin during the next two months came from his comrades who occasionally had business in Paris. Somehow Transportation and supplies didn't seem to be within the field of Quentin's previous experiences, but everyone spoke of how well he was doing. He successfully conducted several trench trains of supplies from a sea-port town and some of the supplies he obtained occasioned considerable comment because the other men had been unsuccessful in obtaining them. I later learned that Quentin never needed previous experience to handle a job successfully. His versatility was unlimited. Probably no officer in the air service has had more different jobs than Quentin in the same length of time, and made a real success of each. Yet all the time he was doing these jobs, not because he liked them but because he saw that they were inevitable before flying could really begin. Flying was what he cared about. One day a Frenchman landed at

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the field in a Caudion. After lunch Quentin was looking over the machine. He had never driven a Caudion before, in fact for over two months he had not flown at all. Neither of those facts disturbed him in the least; he wanted to fly. Two mechanics cranked the engine and a minute later Quentin was circling the field in a machine new to him and controlled in a different manner than any plane he had hitherto been in !

It was during this period that Quentin and Cord Meyer became such good friends. They frequently took motor cycle trips together. Both had some bad smashes, but that seemed only the rather amusing accompaniment of their good times together. It was then, too, that they became acquainted with the delightful Normant family at Romorantin.

On October 15th, when the school opened a new administration took hold. From then on the plan of things and even the personnel, was constantly changing for a while. Quentin always had some job on his hands. One week he went away in charge of a trucking detail. The next

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saw him in command of a Squadron. Often he was called to Paris on questions of accountabilities for supplies. His duties were so many and varied that for a while he had little chance to fly. It really seemed as if his superiors used him for any hard job which required tactful handling. I think of one case in particular in this connection. The cadets at the school in its early days had undergone some very trying disappointments in regard to their commissions and their pay; they were a demoralized crowd of boys. Quentin was put in charge of them. For several weeks he devoted his entire time to straightening out their difficulties. He had no chance to fly with this work on his shoulders and the strain began to tell. Coming back from a cross country trip I found him sick and strongly urged him to go to bed. He said that he couldn't leave his work and went right ahead. That is when he really became sick. There were several of us down with gripe at the same time, while Quentin had pneumonia. Under Miss Givenwilson's personal care most of us had soon recovered, but Quentin's sickness had reached

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a stage where nothing but a complete rest and change could do him good. It was to Bordeaux that he went, if I remember correctly. At any rate he stayed there but two days, after which he returned to Paris. He said it was because during those two days it had snowed and if there was going to be bad weather in Southern France he might as well stay in Paris. I know, however, that what really brought him back to Paris was the persistent devotion to family which was always so marked in him.

Field Seven is where formation flying is taught at Issoudun. It is where Quentin really made his mark at the School. He was sent there after rushing through his acrobatic flying upon returning from Paris, to be the Officer in charge of flying. It was the one job he had a chance to hold long enough to organize thoroughly. While anxious to go to the front Quentin realized the futility of that desire for some time to come and therefore settled down to make the best he could out of his work there. He was happy to be there with Cord Meyer for a while, before Cord left. In thinking

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

over those days I always think of Quentin at Field Seven. That is when I knew him best. It is when he had his most permanent job and when he did his best work. It is when he won the devotion of all the mechanics in a way that gave a fine lesson to the "over military" type of officer who tries to impress his authority by an abruptness of manner and speech assumed for the occasion.

Every morning prompt at seven o'clock a gaudily painted plane could be seen circling the camp, sometimes ducking in and out of low hanging clouds, at others diving, twisting and rolling in an extravagant demonstration of nice handling. It was Quentin in his beloved "Dock Yack" plane trying out the weather before sending his pupils off on patrol. In addition to the star cockades and the shield and wing insignia upon the top wing, Quentin had employed a jack-of-all-trades mechanic to paint upon both sides of the fuselage a representation of "Doc Yack" in his auto, as depicted in the Goldberg cartoons. Quentin was extremely pleased with this plane, both as to appearance and flying qualities.

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All the time during flying hours he was out upon the field wearing a grimy long leather coat and the traditional silk stocking "porte bonheur" as his only head gear. He seemed to be always moving about. Patrols took off and returned with more and more precision as time went on. Planes were ready on time; they were lined carefully to white chalk lines, and the accumulated oil and dust seemed to disappear from their sides and undercarriages. Often I happened to be near when Quentin was criticizing a student flyer. "What were you doing a quarter of a mile behind the formation when it passed over Vatan?", or perhaps "Yes Williams I realize that the Chateauroux hospital possesses a peculiar fascination for you (the nurses) but you know that acrobatics two hundred feet from the ground is poor business, and incidentally weren't you supposed to be in the formation a thousand metres above?" Invariably a puzzled, usually sheepish expression appeared on the face of the victim as he first wondered how his instructor knew of all these things, and then realized that he was not the type of instructor who watches proceedings from a chair on

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

the ground. Had any of the men on patrol looked carefully above at times they might have seen a small Nieuport circling inquisitively overhead. Indeed the ubiquitousness of their instructor always puzzled the students, for was he not on the ground when they left and then also when they returned, and yet was there any incident of their flight around the country which he did not know about? An instructor who flew himself, who frequently took a student's place in formation, must be a man who took an interest in his work, they figured—and the quality of the flying and hence the reputation of the field gradually but surely adjusted itself accordingly.

At Field Seven there was a supply Officer whose duty it was to secure the many spare parts that are essential in the maintenance of airplanes. There was a construction officer who supervised the building of barracks, the driving of wells, the installation of electric light plants and machine tools in the shop. Sometimes in spite of all their efforts the spare parts were unavailable, the building material could not be had for love or money.

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"Requisitions had been in for two weeks, but nothing had happened." At supper someone would ask "Where is Quentin?" and another would answer "Oh he has gone over to the main camp on his motorcycle," and the subject would be dismissed. Next morning, however, the needed parts or material would suddenly and mysteriously appear upon a truck. Once in particular I remember when a long awaited dynamo arrived at the camp. The old one had become inadequate as the demands upon it increased. The new one after being carefully cleaned and assembled by willing mechanics stood ready to supply the much needed current as soon as a suitable foundation should be built for it to rest upon. "But there's not a bit of cement in the supply room; we'll have to wait until they send it from Paris," complained the construction officer. That night it was dark and drizzly so nobody noticed when Quentin disappeared about nine o'clock with two of his men in a truck. About an hour later the truck returned with twenty bags of cement inside. "Where did you get the cement?" some-

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one asked. "Stole it," was Quentin's laconic reply. And let it be remembered that Quentin's official title was "Officer in charge of Flying at Field Seven."

Then there were many rainy days when we couldn't work. We used the room in which Quentin, the Doctor and the Captain (C. O. of the field) lived as a sitting room; usually the four of us but occasionally several more would wander in. The Captain was a Southerner and enjoyed crap games—so dice it was. We sat on Quentin's bed rolling the dice and exchanging francs. Privately we all took our cue from the Captain—but after about two games you couldn't tell whether it was he or Quentin who was the veteran "crap-shooter." He put his whole heart into everything he did whether it was rolling dice or developing pilots for war. When he did not play in the current game he was sitting in the box wood arm chair reading or writing letters with a concentration that was always a source of wonder to me. No matter how much noise the phonograph and the gamblers made he never "batted an eye."

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It seemed to make not the slightest difference to him. He always managed to keep up his reading, but I could never discover whether or not he had a system about it. One minute I would find him reading the “*Rhymes of Ironquill*,” or Dunsany—the next it would be Boswell’s Life of Johnson. He nearly always carried a book in his pocket, which reminds me of Archie at Groton. I think Quentin always kept several books going at the same time and read whichever one happened to be handy. He seemed to like queer and obscure things, but probably they were “queer and obscure” only to me! Anyway if he spent time reading them it was only because he had already read every standard and known author.

After an idle day a dinner in town at the “*café de l’Aviation*” usually followed—sometimes with the “Cappy” (he hated the name but wouldn’t admit it) and Doc—often with some Frenchmen or other friend at the main camp.

The following are extracts from Lieutenant Coolidge’s letters to his family:

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

"Q. seems to figure in almost everything amusing that happens to me. Last Tuesday I got permission to try the little monoplane again. Thinking to make a big impression (because this monoplane commands attention wherever it goes) I headed straight for here, our outlying field. As I drew near I spotted Q. in his gaudily decorated plane, circling around a toy balloon up over the field, so of course I sailed up to say hello. Just as I got close, however, he turned his attention from the toy balloon flipped over on his back and came diving down on me in attack. That possibility hadn't occurred to me, but one must never refuse a combat, so I hastened to manœuvre for position. Well it is commonly known that the mono is far superior here to all the other planes in speed, climb and manœuvre ability, but as it was only my second trip in the little devil and as it is a very sensitive *appareil*, demanding skilful handling, I didn't dare to whisk it around in the slap-dash manner that would have saved the situation, and consequently I was ignominiously defeated in the fight. Now

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my chances of revenge are poor because another pilot has since wrecked the little plane. It is hard life.

"Yesterday Q. and I once more attacked the Major on the subject of getting out to the front. Well, a rather discouraging circumstance renders it useless just now, so there's obviously nothing to do but wait in patience."

July 11, 1918

Quentin and I were not assigned to the same squadron. We are in the same group, consequently operate from the same base and see each other frequently. Let me tell you of the splendid *coup de main* he sprang today. While on patrol with some eight or nine of his comrades over the lines, the formation became broken up in some quick manœuvring. Q. suddenly found himself alone. After circling around a few minutes he saw three planes in formation not far away and hastened to rejoin them, falling into place behind them. It seemed a little queer that his leader should be going so far within the enemy lines, but he thought no more about it until the

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leader made a sudden turn exposing to full view upon his rudder—a large black cross! “Wrong again” said Q. to himself, but his brain kept right on working. Sneaking close up behind the rear man who either did not see him or supposed him to be one of his friends, Q. took careful aim and let him have a stream of bullets from his machine gun. The plane wavered a second, then toppled over and fell spinning in a spiral like a winged stone. Q. reversed and headed for home at full speed pursued by two bewildered Huns whom he gradually left further behind as his little Nieuport roared along. A quick backward glance revealed his victim still spinning after a fall of some nine or ten thousand feet; he then disappeared in a cloud bank. Isn’t that one of the most remarkable true tales you have ever heard? It’s doubtful if this Boche is confirmed—too far inside their lines.

Captain Coolidge became one of America’s leading aces; he was killed on October 27, 1918, by a direct hit from an anti-aircraft gun whilst

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diving through a terrific barrage to the rescue of two observation planes which were being attacked by six German machines.

The following is the letter Coolidge mentions as having arrived a few days after Quentin's last fight:

On Active Service
July 11, 1918.

DEAR LIEUT. ROOSEVELT:

I've just read about your victorious tangle with the Huns and my only regret is that I can not, or rather could not be there to witness it.

Nevertheless I want to congratulate you and wish you all sorts of luck. Everyone of the fellows in the 37th are tickled to death.

There's no use telling you that we miss you, cause we do. Everything is going on the same. No doubt you already know that Lieut. Davis has gone to the front.

I've got a new flivver (exciting news this, no doubt). And this is about all. So again allow me to offer you my heartiest congratulations.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

Hoping that you'll get 'steen more, I remain as
ever,

Sincerely yours "DAGO."

*Priv. 1st Cl. D. A. Di Fiore 37th Aero
Squadron Amer. Forces France*

O. K. Censored by: A. K. Lowell, Lt. U. S. A.
A. S. S. C.—Yes the boys are all for you and
Lt. Coolidge back here. Best of luck. A. K. L.

Mr. W. H. Crawford, President of Allegheny
College, gave this account of a meeting with
Quentin:

"Our truck broke down, and I was too late for
the mess, but Lieut. Roosevelt came to see me
in the hut, and we had a most interesting inter-
view. It was a wretchedly sloppy night, the lieu-
tenant's rain coat was pretty well spattered with
mud, but he was bright, eager and full of life.

"As we went out into the rain to his sidecar I
said to him: 'Lieutenant there are large numbers
of Americans who are very proud of the way the
four sons of Theodore Roosevelt are acquitting
themselves in this war.' I never shall forget how

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his face lighted up as he made reply: 'Well you know it's rather up to us to practice what father preaches.'

"On all sides I heard only good things about Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt and the devotion of his men to him. I was told that often during the winter months the men would remain out in the storm and train under him, and do it cheerfully, as they did not under any other officer."

The following are extracts from letters written to their relatives or friends by members of the A. E. F. who had come in contact with Quentin:

From A. J. Whaley:

"Young Roosevelt is as modest as a schoolgirl, but as game as they make them in aviation. Keep tabs on this game young chap."

From Lieutenant John F. Wheelock:

"As you know by this time, our hopes that Quentin Roosevelt was only a prisoner were

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blasted and it is quite certain he is gone. Too bad, because he was a peach. He died in a great scrap it appears, and was buried in German soil with full military honors."

From Banner Shull:

"Quentin Roosevelt is in charge on these trips. We boys would do anything for him. He always sees that his men are taken care of before he thinks of himself."

From Sergeant C. A. Gardiner, Jr.:

"All those bum deals that I spoke of are plum gone now. We have a real man commanding us now, one of Colonel Roosevelt's sons. We have only had him a short while but would do more for him than all the time we knew the other man. You get me—don't you—the minute stuff?"

From Corporal Aleck Barlow:

"It hit me pretty hard as I knew him well and used to look after his plane for him quite a little when he was our instructor. He was one of the

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best and finest men I ever knew. Just a young fellow and full of life. I wonder if his dad is anything like him. If he is I would vote for him if he ever ran for office again. All the boys in the 37th thought a great deal of him and hated to see him go to the front. He was sure a prince."

From a member of Quentin's first "outfit," writing to some one whose son was "missing":

"I guess you feel about the same way we all did when we heard of Lieut. Roosevelt's death. He came over with this squadron, that is the old 29th now the 400th and everybody thought there was nobody like him, and last winter in Issoudun I helped him get his motor cycle started many times when it was so cold. He was a wonderful fellow and afraid of nothing."

From Mr. R. M. Washburn:

"Yesterday, while an Italian was cutting my hair in a barber shop, he told me that he had served overseas with him, saying, in his own words: 'He was afraid of nothing with his aero-

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plane; a great operator; was one of us, and could fight, play, box,—do anything; the goodest kid I ever saw.' "

From Lieutenant Geo. B. Bailey:

"I had a great week, this last one, flying in formation. Formation flying is in charge of Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, the son of our famous T. R., and he is a chip off the old block, and a mighty fine and popular fellow."

From Arthur Weirich—Air Service:

"Look at Quentin Roosevelt, one of the finest, cleanest, bravest boys in France—a good flyer; and yet he is one of the first men to get it. Everything in the world waiting for him back in the United States."

From an aviator in the A. E. F. to his parents:

"I am with a fine bunch of boys; one especially —Quentin Roosevelt—is a wonderfully fine chap, and he keeps his father's picture up in his tent at

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all times—told us it gives him great courage to look at his father's face."

From Guy Bonney, 1st Battalion, 1st Gas Regiment, September 30, 1918:

"Lt. Quentin Roosevelt, the aviator who was killed in the Chateau Thierry and the son of the former President, was I believe their most talked about and worshiped aviator. It being because he received all of his instruction on this field. They had his old aeroplane, 'Doc Yak,' which he had painted to his fancy with this famous caricature, in a hangar by itself and it was an object of admiration by all. They told us to crawl in and be seated in it so we would have something to remember him by, which we did. Then, when I made the remark that I had been camped for a length of time up there within a quarter of a mile of his grave, they certainly did crowd around and commence to ask questions about it. I saw his burial place when the Germans had a cross of theirs and inscribed in German placed over it. They called Roosevelt 'the enlisted man's friend.'"

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From an officer of the A. E. F.:

"A young Lieutenant in our Flying Corps who is at present staying here, talked to me about Quentin, and his work at the school. He said that Quentin was a sort of chief among the instructors, that he was a strict disciplinarian but was loved by everybody, and that he was of the greatest use to the fellows who were learning to fly. He stopped for a moment reflecting, and then, half to himself, he muttered 'He was a prince!'"

From Miss I. M. Givenwilson of the Red Cross, stationed at Issoudun:

"Though my heart aches at the loss of him I cannot but feel a joy and pride at having known such a boy. He has done such excellent work since he has been over here. He showed just what could be expected of him all through life. He knew how to handle men, understood them, and was beloved by them. He was so valuable as the officer in charge of training at Field Seven, that he was sent to the Front with great reluctance by the commanding officer here."

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This is part of a letter written by Mr. H. A. Maxwell, of Malden, Massachusetts, to Quentin's father:

"As a pioneer Y man for the camp, he was one of the first officers with whom I became acquainted, and his splendid co-operation as an officer in charge of transportation enabled me to make a record in building my first hut. He, with a detail of men, went to Chattereaux, twenty-seven kilometers distant, and got the first piano that came to camp. He also assisted me in organizing two debating clubs, and while he was the Commanding Officer at the 36th Squadron his personal influence with the men will be long remembered. For a short time they were quarantined, and I recall his taking them on a hike one afternoon. On his return he made a halt in a large field, under a tree, and gave them a good heart-to-heart talk.

In handing him my letters to be censored, I had opportunity for many little chats with him. I recall his putting his hand on my shoulder one day and saying, 'Y man, how could we get along without you.' I replied, 'Ah, go on; you are

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just like your daddy.' 'Yes, I know,' he said, 'but I've got a great daddy.' I appreciated this frank and tender reference to his father, as I, too, am one.

"One day he stopped me in front of the hut prior to its completion, and said in his way, with which you are familiar, 'Why do you call that a hut? I call it a palace. What a great home for the boys!'

"His kind consideration for the interest of others was very marked. I am glad to have known your son, and I assure you that your splendid spirit and your sacrifice for this great struggle to make the world better is a source of inspiration to every true American citizen."

Quentin's family received several touching letters from French parents:

Bizons par Cuzaguet Htes Pyrénées

MADAME:

20 Octobre 1918

Nous venons, moi et mon mari, d'avoir un sauf conduit de 48 herues pour aller voir notre pay reconqui, et c'est avec le coeur serrée que nous avons revue notre petit villages. Hélas, de notre

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interieure tout a été enlevé; il ne nous reste que les yeux pour pleuré. La maison n'a pas trop souffer, elle a été un peut repairé, et l'on peut, je croi, maintenant se metre à l'abrie. Je me fait donc, Madame, le plaisir de venir vous offrire notre maison, car je me suis fait un devoir de porté un bouquet sur la tombe de votre cher enfant, le capitaine Quentin, qui a été enterré à cote de notre villages. De chez moi il y a 10 minutes pour votre enfant. Il lui a été fait comme il le meritait une jolie tombe, et de tous. C'est pauvre soldats nous avons toujour représenté les parents.

Aussitot qu'il arrive un regiment Americains tous von sur la tombe de votre cher enfant. A vous Madame je viens vous offrir notre maison le jour ou vous pouvez venir car il faut esperé que cette maudite guerre finira bientôt, esperons assez de misere et de ruine. Nous restons a Coulanges en Tardenois, Aisne, rue du Poinson N° 1.

Agrée, Madame, mon profond respect

FELICIE FOURQUET.

refugiees à Bizons.

à Madame et Monsieur Roosevelt.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

MADAME,

11 Quai de Conti
Paris le 17 Juillet 1918

Permettez à la mère d'un obscur fantassin
Français de vingt ans de venir vous dire qu'elle
partage votre douleur, mêle ses larmes aux vôtres,
et vous remercie de toute son âme de votre sacrifice -
en la personne de votre cher enfant Quentin.

MADELEINE DORNEC.

The following letters from Quentin's comrades
need no introduction or explanation:

DEAR MRS. ROOSEVELT:

Lovington, Ill.
Easter Sunday

A mother doesn't need to be told the kind of
a man that her boy is, and yet perhaps it would
make you just a bit happier should I tell you
what his friends thought of him, what a regular
lad he was. I'd have written sooner but was a
prisoner since July 5th and just arrived home a
while ago.

Quentin and I roomed together at Toul when
he first came up to the front. One comes to know
one's room mate, down deep inside. There are

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so many little things that show his measure. I don't need to tell you of his flying, his bravery; words seem inadequate, and others have already tried that. I can only say that he was a brave man and an excellent flyer, a man one liked to have with him when the odds were on the other side, and hope you'll understand what I say so poorly. At night, if I were asleep or he thought that I was, he'd tip toe to his cot, would be just as quiet as possible, he did a thousand little considerate things that do not seem important, yet which really mean much. If I were going out with a partner, just the two, I know no one I'd rather have had than he.

He lived and stepped over the little river as a brave gallant soldier and gentleman, in the way he'd have chosen. We all loved him, the days we had at the front were among the happiest we'll ever know. The lad's only regret was for his family, that I know, and there is the consolation that when the present existence is finished, we all shall see him again on the other side of the little divide.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

If I may help in any way please do not hesitate
to call upon me.

Sincerely

CARLYLE RHODES.

On Active Service
July 23, 1918.

MY DEAR MRS. ROOSEVELT:

Having lived in the same camp with your son Quentin Roosevelt, I can not refrain from telling you that I know he was especially loved by the enlisted men. Of course, he had the respect of his brother officers, but it may be gratifying to you to be told by one who for four months was an intimate observer of his life that he was genuinely popular with the boys.

Only last night a cook in one of the squadrons at this "field" told me of Lieut. Roosevelt dropping in for breakfast. An earlier schedule was in effect and as he had been "night flying," which had kept him up rather late, he missed the regular mess. He dropped in for a cup of coffee. Surely ! He got it and whatever else was available. Then he sat down and as he ate he "visited" with the

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whole kitchen force, "just like a regular fellow" to quote my cook friend exactly.

This sort of thing was typical with him. Among themselves the men called him "Teddy" and many were the remarks that I overheard about him, by the rank and file, full of honest admiration. They knew he was courageous and an intelligent hard worker, but best of all they felt that he had a real interest in them and they loved him for it.

While not an intimate of his, he was in and out of our little Hut quite a good deal and I came to like his sturdy person and bright personality.

Believe me, Mrs. Roosevelt, I honor you as the mother of such a son.

Yours respectfully,

Wm. H. FORBES

Censored by:

Y. M. C. A. Sec.

Robert G. Fittnan

1st Lt. A. S. Sig. R. C.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

AMERICAN AVIATION DETACHMENT G. D. E.

AVIATION FRANÇAISE, PAR. B. C. AM. PARIS

DEAR COLONEL AND MRS. ROOSEVELT:

I wish to express my very sincere sympathy in the death of your son, Quentin. I was at Is-soudun with him for six months, and like everyone liked him immensely. The last time I saw him he was doing acrobatics against the moon at night, a feat which requires more than ordinary courage. I left the field before he landed, and had no chance to congratulate him on his performance, but I thought you would like to know of it as it was typical of the young officer I knew —as light heartedly courageous as any man I have ever known.

I know he died as he always flew—gamely, for he certainly was game in every way. He died in the manner all of us in this game would want to "get it," if it is our turn to go—at the front in contact with the enemy. This is the best way of all to go.

Let me express once more my sympathy. The

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Air Service lost a splendid officer in the death of
your son.

Very sincerely yours,

MERIAN C. COOPER.

HEADQUARTERS, 36TH AERO SQUADRON

CAZAUX, BASE SECTION NO. 2 A. E. F.

From: Enlisted Members of 36th Aero Squadron SC.

To: Hon. Theodore Roosevelt and Family.

We the members of the 36th Aero Squadron SC.
U. S. Army having served only recently under
your son, Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, A. S. Sig. R. C.
who was in command of the squadron, wish to
extend our sympathy and love to his father and
mother and family, in the loss of their son and
brother. His example shall serve to inspire us in
all our trials, and our one ambition is to help
avenge his death, which we shall always strive
to do.

*For and on behalf of the 36th Aero
Squadron SC.*

JOSEPH H. GRAVES,

1st Lt. M. R. C.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

400TH AERO SQUADRON, S. C.

AIR SERVICE PRODUCTION CENTER NO. 2, A. E. F. FRANCE

August 1, 1918.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt,
Oyster Bay, L. I., N. Y.

DEAR COLONEL ROOSEVELT:

It is with mingled pride and sorrow that we, the members of the 400th Aero Squadron (formerly the 29th Aero Squadron) write to you on the subject of the sad but glorious death of your son, Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt.

It was our great privilege to know him as a man and a soldier, for a year past, since the time when he joined our Squadron at Fort Wood, New York, early in July, 1917. During the pioneer days of the construction of our immense aviation camp, here in France, he was continuously with our Squadron, for a period of several months, during which time he fulfilled the exacting duties of Supply Officer and of Officer in Charge of Transportation.

When he left us a few weeks ago to go to the front, having completed his flying training, we

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were certain that he would place himself where the fighting was fiercest, for it was his nature to do nothing by halves.

We do not exaggerate when we assure you that he had endeared himself to every man in our organization, by his manly qualities and his prevailing amiability. He made us feel, to the last man, that he was our friend.

Our admiration for his glorious end rises above our great grief for his loss; and it is in this spirit that we write this small but sincere tribute to his memory.

From: **THE ENLISTED MEN OF THE
400TH AERO SQUADRON**
By: **JACOB ANDERSON
1st Sgt. 400th Aero Squadron**

Among the many accounts of Quentin's activities at Issoudun, the following appeared in the *Indianapolis Star*:

"An incident in the short life of Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, the youngest son of former President Theodore Roosevelt, that recalls the sturdy qual-

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

ties of manhood of his father and his insistent demand and fearless fighting for right and justice, is related by Lieut. Linton A. Cox of this city, who lately returned from overseas, after serving as an aviator in the 94th Combat Squadron under Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker.

"During the winter of 1918," said Lieut. Cox, "when, as flying cadets under the command of Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, we were receiving training at Issoudun in the art of standing guard in three feet of mud and were serving as saw and hatchet carpenters, building shelters for the 1,200 cadets who were waiting in vain for machines in which to fly, affairs suddenly reached a crisis when it was discovered that the quartermaster refused to issue rubber boots to us, because the regular printed army regulations contained no official mention or recognition of flying cadets.

"Requisition after requisition for boots had been refused by the captain in charge of the quartermaster's depot, in spite of the fact that the boys were wading around in worn-out shoes in slush and mud knee deep. The supply of rub-

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ber boots was plentiful, but the captain was a stickler for army red tape, and did not have the courage to exercise common sense, if he had any.’

“Lieut. Cox stated that so many cadets had become sick because of this needless exposure that Lieut. Roosevelt decided to take matters into his own hands. Going over to the quartermaster’s depot and risking court-martial, he demanded of the captain, who was of superior rank, that the boots be issued at once. Again he was refused. Upon being pressed for a satisfactory reason why the requisitions were not honored, the captain ordered Lieut. Roosevelt out of the office. He refused to go.

“‘Who do you think you are—what is your name?’ asked the captain, who was unacquainted with Quentin. ‘I’ll tell you my name after you have honored this requisition, but not before,’ answered Lieut. Roosevelt. This led to a hot exchange of words. Suddenly Quentin, being unable longer to control his indignation, stepped up and said, ‘If you’ll take off your Sam Brown belt and insignia of rank I’ll take off mine, and we’ll

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

see if you can put me out of the office. I'm going to have those boots for my men if I have to be court-martialed for a breach of military discipline.'

"Two other officers who had been attracted to the scene by the loud voices intervened, and the men were separated, whereupon Quentin Roosevelt went to the major in charge of the battalion and refraining from any mention of his recent controversy, related how cadets by the score were being incapacitated for service and were suffering from pneumonia and influenza because requisitions for boots were not being honored. The major agreed with Quentin that such a situation was absurd and that immediate relief should be granted.

"Lieut. Roosevelt had hardly left the major's office when the quartermaster captain came in and stated that there was a certain aviation lieutenant in camp whom he wanted court-martialed.

"Who is this lieutenant?" asked the major.

"I don't know who he is," replied the captain, "but I can find out."

"I know who he is," said the major. "His

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name is Quentin Roosevelt and there is no finer gentleman nor more efficient officer in this camp and from what I know, if any one deserves a court-martial you are the man. From now on you issue rubber boots to every cadet who applies for them, army regulations be d—d.'

"The boots were immediately issued and the cadets were loud in their praise of Lieut. Roosevelt.

"This is just one instance of many,' said Lieut. Cox, 'that served to endear Quentin Roosevelt to the men under his command.'"

Quentin was billeted in the little town of Mauperthuis during the last few weeks of his life; and inevitably struck up a friendship with the townsfolk, old and young.

Lieutenant Donald Hudson wrote:

"In the little village where Roosevelt lived with his fellow aviators they have renamed the Public Square 'Place Roosevelt,' and written it in big letters on the granite fountain. Quentin Roosevelt was one of the most modest of young

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men. The few French villagers knew him, and honored him because of himself, because of his Father, and because of his fighting brothers.

"Over his billet he had written the name of Lieutenant Thomas, his roommate, then his own, and then 'God bless our home.'"

Lieutenant A. B. Sherry, another friend and fellow aviator, tells how

"Q was a great favorite with the inhabitants of Mauperthuis, for he was always chatting with the old men about their affairs, and ever ready to listen to the troubles of their wives, and of the mothers of the boys away at the front."

An account, whose author we have been unable to ascertain, reads as follows:

"Quentin, you know, was very young—I know he wasn't twenty-one. He was just a kid, full of life and good spirits. If he had been less peppy, he might not have got killed.

"We were all billeted out in cottages in this little village of Mauperthuis, the population of

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which consisted of old ladies, the average age of whom, judging from appearances, was ninety-three—maybe a little more. Well, Quentin was a great favorite, not only among the members of the squadron, but with the old ladies. He spoke French very well indeed, and with this and his cheery ways he got into their good books, or they got into his, whichever way it was.

"They all called him the noble, or the honorable, or the distinguished, or even the great Meestair Roussefel', and he received their greetings very gracefully. Roosevelt was about the only American name the French country people ever had heard until President Wilson became a world figure, and to have a real Roosevelt amongst them was something for these old ladies to talk about.

"Young Roosevelt would go about from house to house and gossip with all the old ladies. The rest of us sometimes thought they were a bit of a nuisance. If I were trying to write a letter, for instance, and one of them rushed in with a long story to tell in her rapid, colloquial, quite

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incomprehensible French, I would feel like asking her to leave me alone for a while. But not Roosevelt. He would lay down his pen, put his paper aside, and chat about the weather or whatever the old lady wanted to chat about.

"It would be: 'Ah, Madame Labrosse, and have you heard yet from the husband of your daughter Blanche?' 'But no, Meestair Roussefél', I have received no letter it is two weeks, and I fear that—'

"'On the contrary,' Roosevelt would say, 'one should not give up the hope. He will arrive soon.'

"'Ah, Meestair Roussefél', I of it hope well.'

"The first thing that strikes your eye when you go into one of these French cottages is the framed photograph of the head of the family in uniform. Usually it is the uniform of 1871, and if you make inquiries you will be told all about him. You will be told, too, all about the other photographs in plush frames, and also the framed medals and ribbons. They turn their walls into photograph albums in rural France. A room

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thus becomes a sort of family history in four big wide-open pages for one who makes inquiries—but most of us didn't make inquiries, for the answer would be only a flow of very rapid French that nobody could understand—except Quentin Roosevelt. Where he learned to speak French I don't know. And he would make the most polite inquiries, and the old ladies would smile sweetly and pour out their stories.

“What interested Quentin more than all the photographs, however, was the dancing brevet that hangs above nearly every French mantelpiece. It seems that as soon as you become proficient in anything over there you get either a medal or a brevet, which is a framed certificate. One of the most prized possessions of each of the old ladies of Mauperthuis is a dancing brevet which informs the reader that her son Henri, or Claude or Jean or Paul or Emile, in Anno Domini 1883 or thereabouts has taken so many lessons in dancing and is competent to lead a cotillon anywhere from Versailles to Montparnasse. Sometimes you find an old lady who has

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preserved her own dancing brevet, qualifying her to dance the minuet and the gavotte—for these faded documents date from the days when the new-fangled waltz was not mentioned in polite company.

“‘Ah, what is it that I see?’ Quentin would say. ‘A dancing brevet, en effet. How it is gentil, hein?’

“And Madame would cross her hands on her lap and smile, and after a ‘Je vous en prie’ to express her own unworthiness of such exalted favor, she would explain that her Henri, who is now on the Verdun sector, was a dancer the most unique, the most magnifique, the most charmant, and a whole lot of adjectives that I don’t know, having no French-English dictionary about me.

“Roosevelt would go around thus from house to house and the old ladies would beam upon him and after he was gone would exchange gossip about him. He had told them so-and-so, he had done so-and-so, he had praised highly the pictures of the baby of one’s niece, had the son of the most great Tedd-ee.

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"I shall never forget how the news of Quentin's death was received in that little village. Of course, the old lady who kept his billet had considered herself much honored by the presence of the gentil Meestair Roussef' beneath her roof. She was one of the oldest ladies in the village—her back was bent almost double, but she was able to get around with a stick and she never missed her round of gossip until the day Quentin was killed. Then she shut herself up in her house for a whole day. When she did come out, she was in deep mourning and her face was very sad."

An editorial of which Quentin's family was unable to learn the authorship was published in the Hartford *Courant*. The writer must have known Quentin intimately.

YOUNG ROOSEVELT'S NATURE

"There was something very interesting about Quentin Roosevelt. He was not one of the usual run of boys. He was individual from those first days when boys begin to do things for themselves.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

Probably things looked to him different from what they do to the ordinary boy.

"The ordinary boy sees the world very much as his parents and the older members of the family see it. The regular conventional view takes hold of him early. The mind of no healthy boy is quite standardized, but its customary processes are in that direction. Little by little he absorbs or accepts the views of the generation into which he is born until these views are his own. It is thus that the judgments and work of the world go forward in an orderly way. One might almost call it the natural way. It is not the business of the usual mind, any more than it is of the usual plant, to originate. The main business of both minds and plants is to transmit, to maintain the good that we have and carry it forward. Our civil and religious usages have come to us from our ancestors, and the main duty of most of us is to keep these usages alive and hand them forward to our children. This is the ordinary and natural law. It is so with the plants, and it is so with the human mind. The seed of wheat is expected to

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produce wheat and nothing else, and it habitually does. The human mind is expected to carry forward the ancient struggle against pauperism and ignorance and sin, and it usually does. Most boys are born to do this work, and they do it. They are often a little frisky at times; they disclose tendencies now and then toward new attitudes; but in the end the mass of them are halter-broke and settle down to the job of carrying things forward about as they are. If most human minds did not work in this methodical and orderly way we would never get anywhere. The gains made in one generation would be frittered away by the next, and we would be continuously fussing with the beginnings. The continuous accumulation of worth-while improvement would be checked, and the momentum of gains would be shattered into fragments.

"Quentin Roosevelt was not built on these usual lines, and apparently he was not designed for this usual duty. He began very early to see for himself. He did not find much to see in human kind, either. He would not have found

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much in the ordinary man that was new, or especially interesting, if he had looked there. One sample is so much like another that a study of that sort soon exhausts itself. We can see this in the writers of novels and the writers of plays, who have to put strong social spices and sauces into their standardized work to freshen it. This younger Roosevelt turned to the primitive and unadulterated and untrained things. It is related of him that he once managed to get a hive of honey bees into a Washington street car in order to take them home with him to the White House. The ordinary boy learns very early that a bee is an uncertain companion. Without doubt this Roosevelt youngster had received the same instruction and the same warning. The reason that it did not take was not because he was a bad boy, or a naughty boy, or a foolish boy. It did not take because his own way of looking at things made him sure that there was a method of getting along on safe terms even with bees. The rule about bees is a sound general rule. It fits the ordinary human mind and human sense like a

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glove. But Quentin Roosevelt's mind and sense were larger than the rule, and he could walk through the rule with a fair degree of safety. It was the same with all the natural things that walk or creep or crawl about the earth. These were the curious and companionable things with him. One wonders if they understood him as well as he understood them. It is a fair assumption that many of them did. Harm might easily have come to him if they had not. This boy's look at them was different from the look of the usual boy, and upon some mysterious foundation of a common understanding they also knew it. It was his way with them, and his way was not the usual way or the conventional way. It was his own way—original, self-confident, and as honest as unclothed truth herself.

“That Quentin Roosevelt took to navigating the clouds was nothing more than a normal unfolding and growth of his singular nature. There is nothing stranger or more unlikely in human history than that man should be able to fly through the air, and yet he is now doing this every

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day. The originating mind takes to this sort of thing naturally—it is exactly in its line. Unfortunately many of these minds are only half minds. They carry so much of the usual conventional crust that something goes wrong with them, and sooner or later they fall smashing earthward. We feel sure that Quentin Roosevelt was not of this sort. It took the fierce shock of actual war to knock him out. We do not believe that his nerve broke or quivered for one instant. If his body were hit, or if his machine broke, that would be different. Smitten physically or mechanically, he of course was helpless. The fates had it in for him. But the mind of him went down intact, unshaken, and, so far as was possible in that hurried rush, with the calm outlook of the soul that is unafraid.

"It was a great waste, aside from all personal considerations, because human minds that spontaneously and inevitably see things for themselves, outside of the clamps of convention, and almost in honest unconsciousness of such clamps, are too infrequent not to be missed when the human life

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goes out of them. Bacon quotes one of the fathers as saying that old men go to death, and death comes to young men. It is so, and has been so, all through this great war. Quentin Roosevelt died in the bloom of his youth and with untried powers. By nature he was made for greater things than even the honorable death of a righteous cause."

CHAPTER VI

VERSES

THERE were many verses written in memory of Quentin, and this book would be incomplete without a short selection from them.

A GROUP OF POEMS

(To Quentin Roosevelt)

SPRING ON LONG ISLAND

You used to think that some day you would hold
Some dear and splendid space
Of shining time to waste
Upon a spring-decked highway's beaten gold;—
Hearing birds sing, and mute and marveling
Stoop to a harebell's grace—
Free of wind-voices and their breathless urge,
To see a green vine fling
Its brave young sinews upward to the eaves;
Or watch brown brothers soar, and dip, and merge
Dun coats with madder nests among the leaves.

And there would be deep noons, and shares of bread,
And water from a brook
Where you could bend and look

VERSES

Down, at gay clouds that shimmered overhead;—
And from a pool would come the whispering
Of blue flags in a nook . . .
The stream would quaver like an ancient crone
(Hid in its bubbling spring)
Weaving her magic in the sparkling air—
The feet of water-dancers on the stone
Or brook-nymphs laughing through their dripping
hair . . .

That road would wind like ribbon in the gleam
Of a white moon hung high
Out of your wing-won sky—
And you—a mote upon a silver seam—
While hedgerow blossoms made a bordering
Of moon-lace frilling by.
And a bird's voice, like a violin,
Poignant, would lift and sing
Haunted by 'cello warblings of its mate;—
There would be night scents, sweet and sharp and
thin,
Binding you wordless to that song elate . . .

"NEVER BEFORE HAVE THE VIOLETS BLOWN"

Never before have the violets blown
Purple as exquisite;
Seeing they borrow it
From a wide sky his pinions have torn;

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

Yet must they stand all mute, unquestioning
Where glad green Joy is writ—
Knowing they fold a sleeper who forgets
Against warm pulses of dear violets
His part in vaunt and bacchanal of Spring.

Never before have the poppies flared
Scarlet as radiant;
A pomp as triumphant—
Fire from the stars his wings have dared;
Nor may they glow with brave insouciance
And yet no Vision grant—
Knowing their share in valor . . . they unfold
Their silken banners for heroic mold—
Their crimson badges for the breast of France.

Never before have the wind-voices breathed
In their dim whisperings
Echoes of wings. . . .
Faint from far zones where suns hang unsheathed;
Nor shall they tell but half; adventuresome
For further journeyings—
Knowing him wind's-brother-earth defying,
Gaunt winged, they call him to the flying
Shouting of star-trails and a sapphire dome . . .

THE DARK LEAVES

Oh, Voyager, who swept the blazing gold
Of wheeling planets in immensity:

VERSES

Whose wing-beats cleft the silences that hold
Their echo yet, in stark serenity:
For you, oh Wreathed! let an altar's light
Flame holily, above the largess heaped—
New corn and grapes that sudden—in a night—
Were reaped. . . .

Glad one! the shining gifts you offered up . . .
Youth's corn in silk, and Youth's longevity:—
The sparkling vintage of Youth's brimming cup—
Youth's broken sword to spell divinity:—
The hushing of Youth's laughter, peal on peal—
The dreams of Youth that garlanded the days—
The wings Youth clapped upon a sandal's heel
The cymbaled measure of Youth's choric ways.

Trailer of stars, a gleaner in the dusk
Lifts the Dark Leaves from red austerity:
Gathers your Arum lilies from the husk
Of trampled wrack;—your lyric purity—
The chaunts you sang to baffle cold and tire—
(Reckon them priceless since Youth's pipe is mute)
The still warm ashes of your sacred fire—
The glowing round of your scarce bitten fruit.

Strange, you should lie a sleeper in high noon . . .
Clothing yourself in wreathed dignity?—
Your habimental trappings folded: soon
Poppies will trump with scarlet clarity:—

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

(Witness this plumage . . . these, his wings—
Reckon the giving by the dreamless eyes . . .
Are these not meet for altar-gifts—these things?
Seeing the Dark Leaves speak him Heavenwise . . .)

AVENUE QUENTIN

There are no palm trees
Along the way
Holding
Their plumage against the blue.—
Only
The clean voices of the winds,
And the footsteps of Youth,
Call to him
In comradeship from the wide
Highway.
Echo with crisp brittle resonance
Against the frozen rime
Of the sweep,—
Where frosted bitter-sweet scatters
Redly.
But at night—
A slim young shallop moon sails
Boat-wise
Upon his old courses.
Pushes a silver prow through
Cloudrifts—
The lapping gauzes of morning.—

VERSES

Hailing the veiled houses
Of stars . . .
Nebulous, hushed, and unanswering.—

Here !
Spring will come greenly,
With lush grasses,—
And violets stand in little groups
By the wayside—
Gazing up at you
Out of their deep eyes as if to say
“He is yonder
Where we are bluest !”
But
Only in the spring time is one directed
So unassumingly,—
By small pages in purple smocks.
In July
The field armies in France
Leap
In serried ranks to
The colors !
Scarlet shoulder to scarlet shoulder.
The Avenue Quentin’s poppy-guards
Blazon you on with
Chivalry !

Always !
The answer of Youth

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

To Youth!—
(Glad youth with his laughter
And daring!)
The call
Of one road to another—
Of a slim shallop moon's far sailing.—
Who
May reckon the strange ports she touches?
The way
Of her track through the cloud rifts—
Through the lapping gauzes
Of morning. . . . Speaking shut houses
Of stars . . . —
For in July—
The gleaming zeniths of space
Hurl
Uncharted worlds to the colors!
Flaming planet to flaming planet,
An Avenue Quentin's meteor-hosts—
Blazon you on
With chivalry!

—LELIA MILLER PEARCE.

YOUNG ROOSEVELT IS DEAD

Young Roosevelt is dead—and I, whose son
Is just a little boy, too young to go,
Read with bewildered eyes the tales recalled
Of pranks the little White House boy had played!

VERSES

Just such things as my own does every day
With bugs and beetles, teasing with his snake,
Or startling all about him with his bees—
Exasperating tricks—that win our souls !

Just such things none could think of but a boy.
From blurring page I turn to touch my own,
For somehow he, too, died in that far fall
Of one who typed America's "small boy."

From blurring page I turn to touch my own—
To lift his face unto the lustrous stars
That symbolize the glory of a world—
And once more dedicate my country's son.

From blurring page a sterner nation turns
Because he typed the millions she has borne
Within her fertile womb since long ago
She mated with the freedom of the world.

From blurring page graybeards with palsied hands
May dream again of wondrous youth that flings
All life into a single burning flame
And lives its future in a moment's deed.

Men who, perhaps, have lost the zest for life
May find it in a boy's keen zest for death,
When young life found it sweet to fight and die
If only Liberty in peace might live.

—ELEANOR COCHRAN REED, in *The Times*,
New York.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

THE STAR OF GOLD

Quentin Roosevelt, France, July 14, 1918

With the American Army on the Vesle, Wednesday, August 7 (by A. P.).—On a wooden cross at the head of a grave at the edge of a wood at Chamery, east of Fère-en-Tardenois, is this inscription:

"Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, buried by the Germans."

—*Newspaper item.*

A Viking of the air was he
Who sailed his fragile plane
Through vast uncharted spaces blue,
As Norsemen sailed the main.
He met the foeman and he fought
Unflinching in the sky,
And died as his brave sire would wish
A soldier-son to die.

The Prussian airmen wrought his grave
And laid him down to rest,
His shroud the leather tunic wrapped
About his gallant breast.
The guns a thunderous requiem
All day above him sound,
America in spirit mourns
Beside his lonely mound.

When twilight over No Man's Land
A veil of purple weaves,
An escadrille of stars appears



CHANGED TO GOLD.

From the original cartoon by John T. McCutcheon, presented to Colonel Roosevelt

VERSES

Above the hangar's eaves
With one that speeds on wings of light
 In ether fast and far;
The Allied aviators say
 'Tis Quentin Roosevelt's star.

—MINNA IRVING.

THE TOWN CALLED AFTER HIM

The town of Bismarck, Pa., has changed its name
to Quentin.—*Vide Newspapers.*

Quentin, young Quentin Roosevelt
 Has a town called after him!
Some way, as we read the word
 It makes the eyes grow dim.

How brave they were, how young they were!
 Our boys who went to die!
Children who played in field and street
 So short a time gone by.

Now reach the stature of the stars!
 Ah, none of us can say
How many Heavenly places
 Are named for such as they.

But romping children here, through years
 Secured from horrors grim,
Will speak the name of Quentin
 In the town called after him.

MARY STEWART CUTTING.

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QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

TO QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

They sounded taps, young soldier of the free,
And heaped memorial flowers above your breast,
In France across the North Atlantic sea,
Where you are lying quietly at rest.

On soil in bondage to your mortal foe
You fell. Foes laid you in a soldier's grave!
Today above you Yankee bugles blow—
French tears, French flowers, rain upon the brave.

We'd laughed at all your pranks and boyish wit
And scarce could think you grown to man's estate;
The shot that brought you down, the nation hit;
O'er all the land hearts leaped with grief and hate.

But you!—'twas thus, brave heart, you'd choose to go;
If come death must, you'd have him ride a cloud;
And when you went, 'twas gaily, that I know,
As well befits the gallant and the proud.

Above your breast the Yankee bugles blow;
French hands are twining wreaths across the sea;
And somewhere your brave heart is joyed to know
That all about your grave French soil is free.

—HARRY D. THOMPSON.

VERSES

A MONSIEUR LE PRÉSIDENT THÉODORE ROOSEVELT

HOMMAGE DE RESPECTUEUSE ADMIRATION D'UNE
ALSACIENNE DE FRANCE

Ne pleurez pas l'oiseau qui s'est brisé les ailes
Dans le rude combat des saintes libertés,
Dans l'enthousiasme fier des amitiés fidèles,
Des serments renoués de nos fraternités.

Notre sol que son sang a rougi dans sa chute
Nous en est plus sacré, plus cher peut-être encore,
Et nous avons senti, mieux, à cette minute
Se resserrer nos liens par le don de sa mort.

Ne pleurez pas l'oiseau fauché par la mitraille
Dans l'essor radieux d'un rêve éblouissant,
Qui, tout vibrant encore de l'ardente bataille,
A pris vers l'infini libre son vol puissant.

Votre fils est tombé dans une juste guerre,
Combattant vaillamment un infâme oppresseur,
Dans l'héroïque élan du sacrifice austère,
De son pur idéal sublime défenseur.

Il est des morts pour qui le regret est l'offense,
Ne pleurez pas celui qui fit tout son devoir.
Que votre deuil soit fait de fierté, d'espérance,
Levez plus haut le front, les yeux pour mieux le voir.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

Car c'est lui, maintenant, le vrai chef de famille,
Toute sa jeune gloire a rejailli sur vous;
Votre nom, c'est le sien qui sur vos têtes brille,
Etoile au clair éclat, resplendissant et doux.

A votre cœur, pourtant, la blessure est saignante,
Plus grand le vide, hélas, laissé par le départ,
Obstinément, partout, une tombe vous haute,
Que par dessus la mer cherche votre regard.

Dans un sol envahi quelques jours prisonnière,
La voici libre enfin des ennemis chassés,
Et nos drapeaux, baignés dans sa sainte lumière,
Comme un même drapeau s'y tiendront enlacés.

Elle sera fleurie avec des fleurs de France,
Fleurs de notre pays meurtri, mais délivré,
Heureuses de jeter, cri de reconnaissance,
Leur beauté, leurs parfums, sur ce terre sacré.

Et notre âme fervente y veille tout entière,
Car nous gardons, au fond du cœur, fidèlement,
Dans notre souvenir plein de recueillement,
Parmi nos plus chers morts, une place très chère
Au mort que vous aimez, votre fils, notre frère.

—CHARLOTTE SCHNÉEGANS, 14 septembre 1918.

VERSES

ON THE SCREEN

Within the darkened playhouse as I sat
Sunk in a mood of heavy discontent
Because existence was so difficult:
The things undone—the money I had spent—
And other little, petty, tiresome cares
Weighed on my mind, until I scarce would glance
At all the moving scenes before my eyes,
When suddenly I looked—and there was France:

France! With her scarred and desolated fields,
Sad wastes,—yet piteous poppies blossomed there—
And row on rows of the unnumbered dead
And crosses, crosses, crosses everywhere
And at the last, one solitary cross
Apart, aloof from earthly vanity
And on the cross stood Quentin Roosevelt's name:
Rare sacrifice to crass humanity!

Then did I count myself as nothing worth
And all my little cares so poor and mean—
It must have been a Great Photographer
Who let me see myself upon the screen!

—ELIZABETH JACOBI.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

THE ONGOING

*"Loose me from fear and make me see aright
How each has back what once he stayed to weep—
Homer his sight, David his little lad."*

He will not come, the gallant flying boy,
Back to his field. Somewhere he wings his way
Where the Immortals keep; where Homer now
Has back his sight, David his little lad;
Where all those are we dully call the dead,
Who have gone greatly on some shining quest,
He takes his way. That which he quested for,
That larger freedom of a larger birth,
Captains him, flying into fields of dawn.

He has gone on where now the soldier-slain
Arise in light. Somewhere he takes his place
And leads his comrades in untrodden fields.
For never can these rest until our earth
Has ceased from travail—never can these take
Their fill of sleep until the Scourge is slain.
And so they keep them sometimes near old ways
In the accustomed fields—now flying low,
Invisible, they cheer the gallant host,
Bidding them be, as they, invincible.

Still he leads on, the gallant flying boy!
Among the "great good Dead" he steers his boundless
course.

VERSES

Now where the soldier-poets pass in light—
Where Brooke and Seeger and the others keep—
The singing Slain, the peerless fighting Dead—
He takes his brilliant way; or where those lately come
Our flying Great, Mitchel and all his men,
Wait him in large, warm-hearted welcoming.

He will come never back! But we who watched
Him take the upper air and steer his boundless path
Firmly against the foe, we know that here
Death could not penetrate. Life only is
Where all is life, and so, before us, keeps
Always the vision of his faring on
To unpathed fields where his great comrades wait,
And, joyful, take him for their captaining—
The brave Adventurer,
The gallant flying Boy!

—MARY SIEGRIST.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

Lord Dunsany, in a letter, said: "I was told once before, quite recently, that Captain Quentin Roosevelt had one of my books with him, even sometimes up in the air. It was a touching thing for an author to hear. I don't know what return I can make for that, but I would like to offer the enclosed sonnet to you."

A DIRGE OF VICTORY

Lift not thy trumpet, Victory, to the sky,
Nor through battalions, nor by batteries blow,
But over hollows full of old wire go
Where among dregs of war the long-dead lie
With wasted iron that the guns passed by
When they went eastwards like a tide at flow:
There blow thy trumpet that the dead may know
Who waited for thy coming, Victory.

It is not we that have deserved thy wreath:
They waited there among the towering weeds:
The deep mud burned under the thermites' breath
And winter cracked the bones that no man heeds:
Hundreds of nights flamed by: the seasons passed.
And thou hast come to them at last, at last.

DUNSANY,
Captain Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

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CL
SV



UCI 9-494



